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The Professor of Milan[★]

THE PROFESSOR went swimming off Capri and he swam wearing his wrist-watch. It was waterproof—perfectly safe to swim with.

But then—calamity! The strap buckle was loose, and it came undone. Vainly the professor tried to save his watch; sadly he saw it twinkle and disappear into the green depths of the sea. And he returned to shore convinced that his watch was gone for ever.

But back on shore, he remembered the divers. They were working on sunken ships close to where he had been swimming. He asked them to keep an eye open for his watch.

The next time they dived, a week later, they remembered that request, and looked around for the watch. And—yes, they found it, and brought it gingerly to the surface.

And when on dry land they examined it, they gazed at it in stupefaction. For that watch that had lain on the sea bed a whole week was still keeping perfect time.

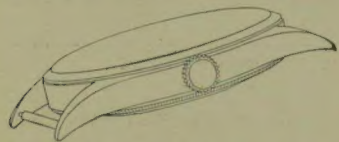
Incredible? Not at all. The watch was a Rolex Oyster Perpetual. The Oyster case—that amazing product of the inventive skill of Rolex designers, had protected the movement from salt water and the clinging, insidious sand, and the Rolex Perpetual self-winding mechanism had kept it wound. The Rolex “rotor,” the secret of the success of the Perpetual, does not work on the “jerk” principle. A complete semi-circle of metal, rotating on an axis, it turns and spins at the slightest movement. And in this case, it was the gentle tug of the waves that actuated it!

Well, that's what happened to one particular Rolex watch. And the professor got his watch back unharmed. But now, he's careful when he goes swimming. For next time, there may be no divers to find it!

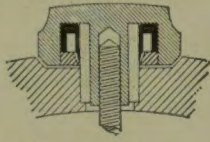
Doesn't apply to you? You're not likely to drop your watch in the Mediterranean? True—but *all* watches have enemies—dust, damp, dirt, perspiration—and the sort of watch that will tell the time at the bottom of the sea will hardly be affected by ordinary hazards. And remember that the Rolex Perpetual isn't self-winding just to save you the trouble of winding it up. A self-winding watch tends to be more accurate than a hand-wound watch because the tension on the main spring is much more even, much more constant. Yes, a Rolex Perpetual is made to be accurate and *stay* accurate.

★ This is a true story, taken from a letter written by the professor concerned (Professor Cutolo of Milan University) to the Rolex Watch Company. The original letter can be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company, 18 rue du Marché, Geneva, Switzerland.

“They found it and brought it gingerly to the surface. On dry land, they held it in their hands and gazed at it with stupefaction.”



The new, slim Oyster case has arrived at last—and as from now is gracing all Rolex Oyster Perpetuals.



Another Rolex first—the Phantom Crown: waterproof, even when pulled out for hand-setting! Another proof of Rolex leadership.

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What's it like—the first time you fly solo?



This young Royal Air Force pilot tells you

"As a matter of fact it began just like any other day. We'd done our usual quota of circuits and bumps, and then the instructor stopped the aircraft and began undoing his safety straps. And then it dawned on me that this was going to be *the* day. 'O.K.—it's all yours,' he said. 'Pick me up over there when you come in.' I felt a little nervous for a moment, then I took a grip of myself, told myself I was going to be all right and got on with the drill. Cockpit check: all clear behind and ahead: turn into the wind. I opened up the throttle, kept her straight on the rudder and eased the stick forward. I felt the tail come up and then, with a glance at my speed, I eased the stick back gently . . . then I was airborne. Take her up steadily I told myself and don't try to rush things. It wasn't till I turned across wind and climbed up to circuit height that I realised it was actually *me*—flying solo! I almost forgot to level out and turn downwind. Not a very good turn either—I could almost hear the instructor saying a few words about sideslipping. But I was beginning to enjoy myself up there on my own. I looked down at the airfield and began to judge when to turn. 'When the field seems to pass under your wingtip,' that's what the instructor always said. So I turned, cut back the throttle, trimmed to glide and then turned into wind. I found I was undershooting so I put on some power to take me in—just a little burst. And then the actual levelling out and landing—that's the part I wanted to make a good job of doing. You have to watch the field and judge your height. When I thought I was just right I eased back on the stick, floated a bit, then brought it right back—'right into your tummy,' my instructor used to say—and

landed. A little heavy but a genuine three-pointer, and I felt quite pleased with myself. Almost forgot that I hadn't finished and still had to keep her straight. But I controlled it and then took a deep breath as I taxied back to pick up the instructor and hear what he had to say about it all. He didn't say much as a matter of fact, just—'Well, that wasn't too bad'—so I knew I was all right. I suppose it's pretty easy really, but I can tell you I felt on top of the world."

Would you like to know more about life in the Royal Air Force? The table below gives brief details of the kinds of flying commissions that are available.

METHOD OF ENTRY	AGE LIMITS	EDUCATIONAL STANDARDS
<i>Cranwell Cadetship</i>	17½—19	<i>Civil Service Commission Examination</i>
<i>Direct Commission</i>	17½—26	<i>General Certificate of Education Scottish Leaving Certificate or equivalent</i>
<i>From a University</i>	20—26	<i>Normal degree at recognised university</i>
<i>National Service*</i>	<i>During Service</i>	<i>General Certificate of Education Scottish Leaving Certificate or equivalent</i>

* For subsequent service with the R.Aux.A.F.

For fuller information write to:—
Under-Secretary of State, Air Ministry (I.L.N. 212),
Adastral House M.R.2, London, W.C.2

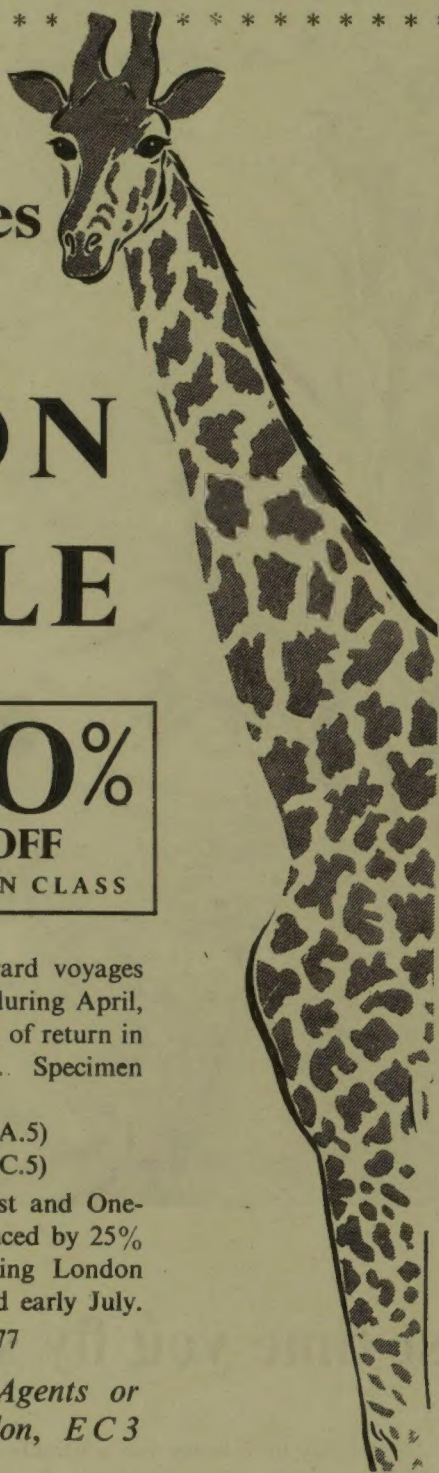


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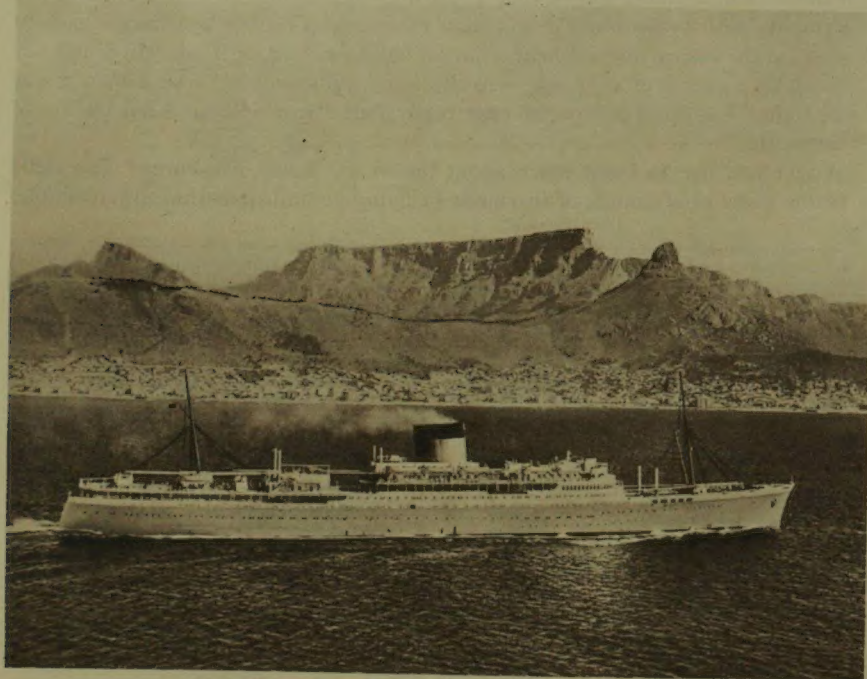
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<p>Ideas for Bachelors' Stockings Tie iron, electrically heated for taking out creases 20/-; Pyjama case 50/-; Soft soled slippers 24/9. Seat stick, 44/6. Flat wet packs for shaving kit 65/6. Weekend brief case, hide (he can pack pyjamas, shaving kit and toothbrush in this) £7.</p>	<p>Warm Greetings For 40/- there's a lambs-wool, fully-fashioned 'Dorset' slipover. More business-like is the 'City' waistcoat at 52/6. Really terrific is the 'Regent' tailored wool waistcoat, with four pockets, for 100/-. Plenty of the latest fancy waistcoats, starting at 73/6.</p>
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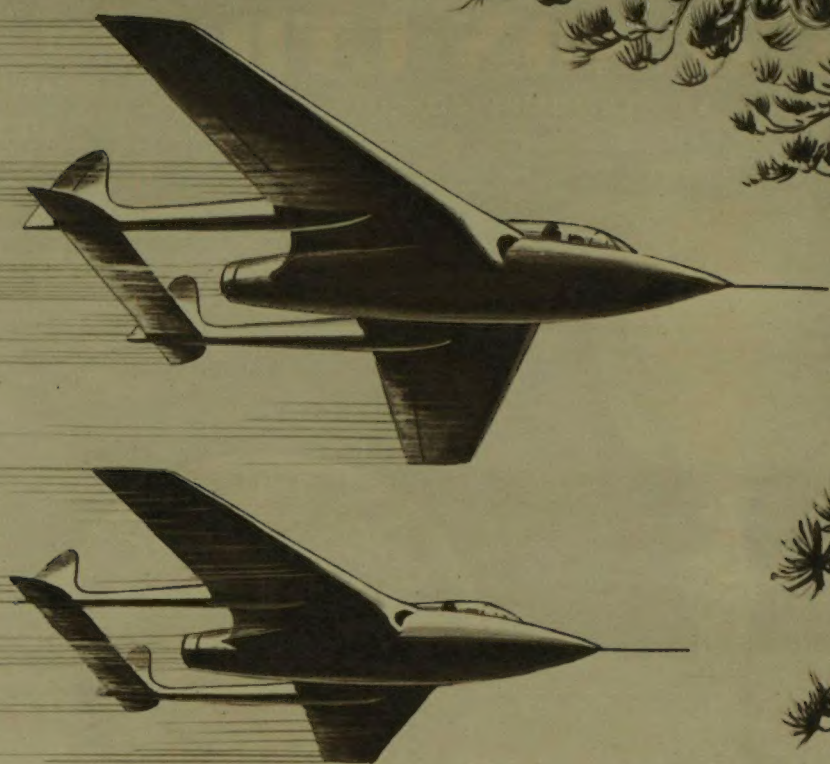
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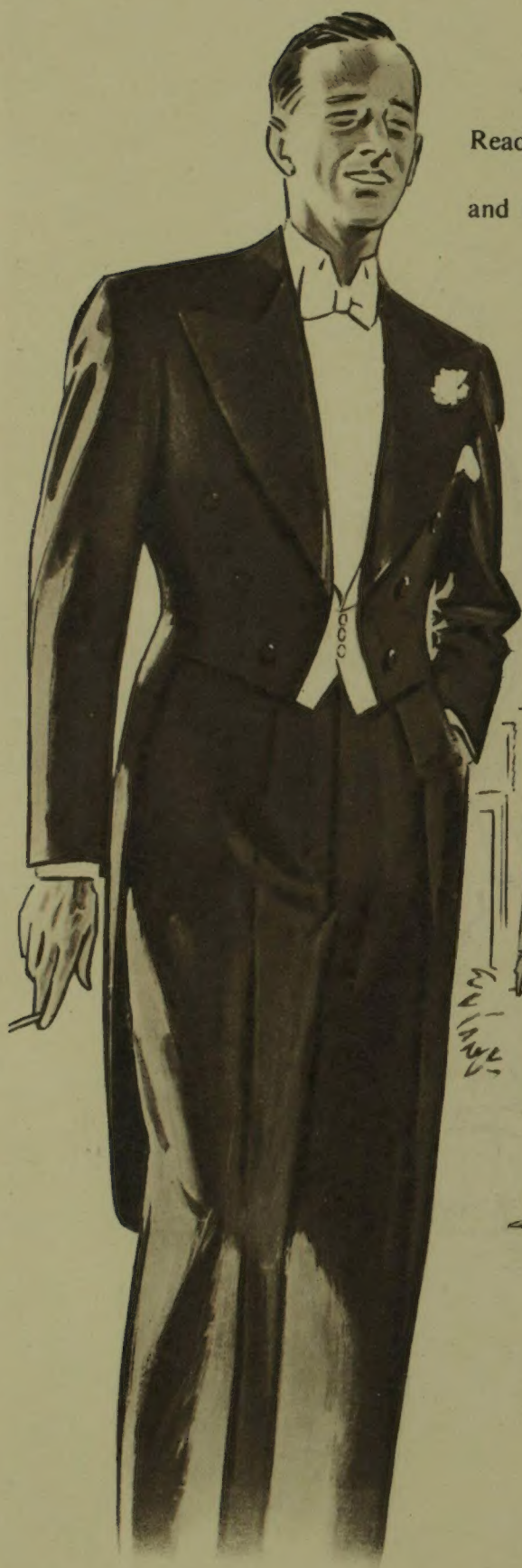
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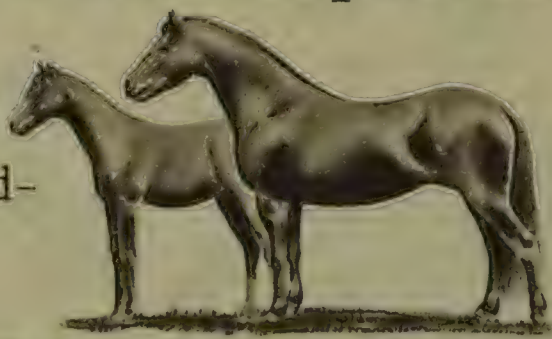


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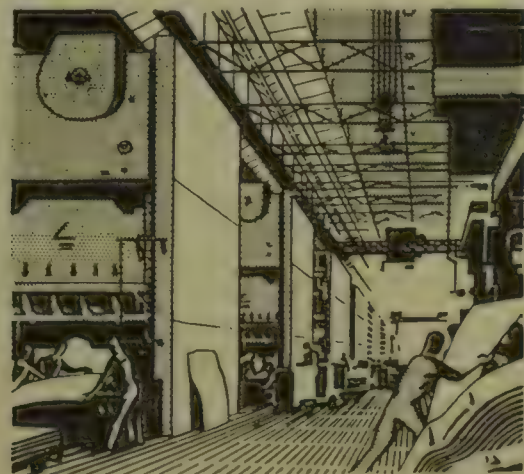
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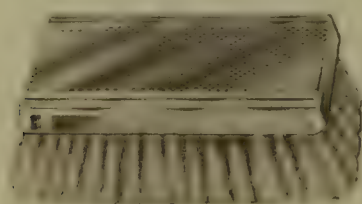
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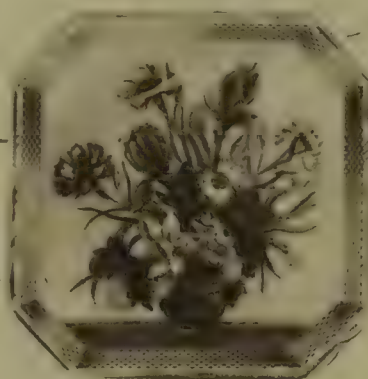
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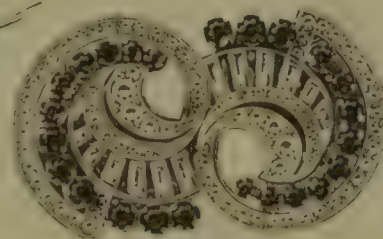
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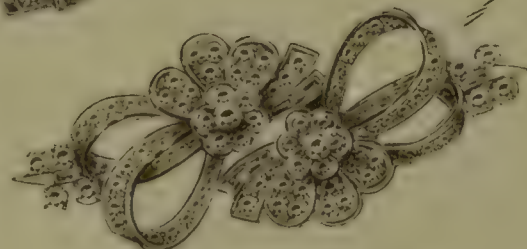
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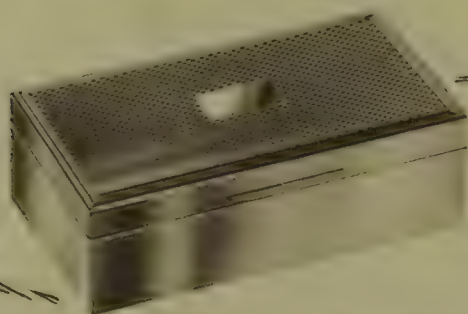
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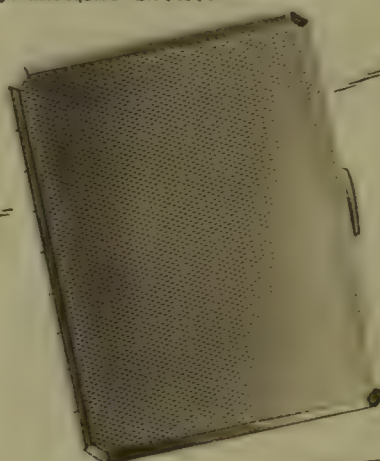
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1954.



SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL EXAMINING THE BRITISH LEGION'S '80TH BIRTHDAY GIFT TO HIM: THE PRIME MINISTER AND LADY CHURCHILL - AFTER THE PRESENTATION AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET, ON NOVEMBER 24.

The British Legion's eightieth birthday gift to Sir Winston Churchill—an illuminated address bearing the signatures of the whole of the National Executive Council, bound in blue and gold, with the Legion Badge on the cover—was presented to him on November 24 at No. 10, Downing Street. The presentation was made by Captain S. H. Hampson, the national chairman, who was accompanied by the President, Sir Ian Fraser, and leading officers of the Legion, and of the Women's Section. Dame Regina Evans, national chairman of the Women's Section, presented Lady Churchill with a bouquet. The book contains an inlaid print of Churchill Court, which Sir Winston and Lady Churchill presented to the

Legion in 1946 for use as a convalescent home. It had been given to Lady Churchill by Mr. Charles Hopkins as a thank-offering for the victorious leadership of Sir Winston in the last war. Lady Churchill is its patroness and Mrs. Christopher Soames, the Premier's youngest daughter, is a member of the House Committee. In making the presentation, Captain Hampson told Sir Winston that the book was an expression of the Legion's good wishes, admiration, affection and gratitude, and in his reply the Prime Minister said that the British Legion had kept the flag of truth and honour flying; and he paid a tribute to the great services Sir Ian Fraser had rendered to the Legion; in the Commons; and to the blind,



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S eightieth birthday has set the whole Press of this country, and indeed of the world, re-telling the story of his life. Looking back, it is easy to present it as a cumulative success story, leading by inevitable stages to the great and signal services he did his country in its hour of direst peril. Yet life is not lived backwards but forwards—a truism forgetfulness of which can result in much false history—and Sir Winston's career might so easily have ended, not in triumph, but in frustration and eclipse like that of his father. There were, indeed, many moments in his life when it must have seemed to everyone but himself that it had done so. That it did not was due, not so much to fate or the course of history, as to his own extraordinary courage, resilience and, above all, for all his passionate intensity, to a serene and inner cheerfulness. He was never beaten by Fate and by the consequences of his own erratic, and sometimes unpredictable, temperament, because he consistently refused to be dismayed by them. On every occasion when fortune turned against him, as it so often did, he fell back on some inner resource in his wonderful nature and ignored misfortune. His capacity for doing so recalls that acquaintance of Dr. Johnson who, when asked whether he was a philosopher, replied that he had often tried but that somehow "cheerfulness was always breaking through." This great man's personal reaction to repeated disappointment and frustration affords one of the most humanly reassuring spectacles in our political history. It reminds one of Charles James Fox.

It began in a ducal palace and in the reflected glory of a father who in his thirties was Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. Before Winston Churchill was twelve he had seen that father, with the premiership and leadership of the Conservative Party before him, fall from power by his own voluntary act. Not particularly happy or successful at school, because he chose, then as later, to go his own way and to live in his own imaginative world, he embraced with enthusiasm a professional soldier's career which, for all his boundless martial ambition, great courage and love of fighting, and his remarkable early experience in five campaigns (which he collected as other men stamps or polo ponies) ended in a return to civilian life before he was twenty-four. He went to South Africa as a war correspondent, yet was taken a prisoner within a few weeks of his arrival at the front. After two unsuccessful attempts he escaped and subsequently used the dramatic tale of his adventures to win his way to Parliament. During all this time he supported himself by his brilliant pen. Lacking an academic education, he gave himself one, reading *inter alia*, while still a subaltern, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," Plato's "Republic" and Malthus's "Essay on Population."

Neither parliamentary oratory nor debate came easily to him; he had a harsh voice and a slight lisp. "In those days," he has written, "and indeed for many years I was unable to say anything (except a sentence in rejoinder) that I had not written out and committed to memory beforehand." After three years as a Conservative, he left the Party and gave a free rein to his generous impulses and instinct for experiment by becoming a Liberal. Then from 1906 to 1914—that is, from his thirty-second to his fortieth year, he was brilliantly successful. He became in turn, and before he was out of his thirties, Colonial Under-Secretary, President of the Board of Trade, Home Secretary and First Lord of the Admiralty. In the last capacity he presided over the greatest peacetime Fleet Britain has ever possessed, was responsible to the country for its superlative training, morale and readiness for war, and, in the hour of Armageddon, mobilised it and sent it to its battle stations. With the outbreak of the greatest war up to date in the country's history, the one man of action with a passion for things military in a Cabinet of pacific lawyers and scholars, he seemed designed by fate, and at an early age, for the highest honours of all. "If there is a war," his colleague John Morley had prophesied a few months earlier, "Winston will beat Lloyd George hollow!"

For a few months the young Minister—Chatham's spiritual heir—had the ball of power and fame at his feet. He kept his "perpetual clock" with the veteran, Lord Fisher, at the Admiralty—the port and starboard

lights"—took part like some Elizabethan statesman-soldier in the Naval Division's lightning dash to Antwerp, sent Sturdee's battle-cruisers to the Falklands to surprise and annihilate Von Spee, and initiated the great expedition to Gallipoli. His unconventional intervention at Antwerp, despite its apparent ill-success, may well have prevented the human disaster that happened in 1940 from happening in 1914, for the city's defence threw out by a few vital days—rather as a later intervention in Greece may have thrown out the German offensive in Russia a generation later—the timetable of the German offensive which was to have driven to the Channel ports. It gave that wonderful little professional army of Britain, already bled white in the retreat from Mons and the battles of the Aisne and Marne, the time to throw itself in the path of the German army at first Ypres and, by dying where it stood, to save this country and the cause of freedom.

Yet for no very clear reason, Fortune, which had till now showered so many favours on Winston Churchill, now unaccountably turned her back. Within a few months he had been driven from office by the resentment and distrust—for many of its members regarded him as a turn-coat and adventurer—of the Party he now leads. His hopes of a great military career were also utterly frustrated and he found himself commanding a New Army battalion in the stagnant winter trench-warfare of Flanders. A return to office towards the end of the war first as Minister of Munitions, and after the Armistice as Secretary of State for War and Colonial Secre-

tary, ended in a further and seemingly irretrievable fall from power in 1922 when the Coalition Government broke up. He even lost his seat in the House. At this time he had no place in any of the three political parties and was intensely unpopular with important elements in all of them.

Then Fortune suddenly smiled again and under a new dispensation and a reunited and victorious Conservative Party, he served for five years as Chancellor of the Exchequer in Stanley Baldwin's second Administration. But its defeat in 1929 spelt for him a further decade in the wilderness. At loggerheads with the so-called National Government of the 'thirties on the issues of India and rearmament, on both of which he felt passionately, he entered on his sixties as a political Ishmael and, in the eyes of everybody but himself, a "had-been." His career seemed finished.

Now, to any other man such a succession of set-backs—all the greater because of the brilliant success and dazzling promise by which they were preceded—would have spelt tragedy. But, whatever it may seem recorded on paper, all this checkered part of Winston Churchill's career was not tragic at all, but shot with continued happiness and zest for living. He was immensely combative, immensely self-confident, and immensely buoyant. When he was disappointed in politics, as he so often was, he wrote a book or learnt to paint or took to laying bricks. Then he returned, refreshed and renewed, to the political battle again. He feared no man, and bade all his enemies a cheerful and hearty defiance. It was this that, when England needed a champion, made him so inevitably her man. He was standing there, in his dented armour, with his unsheathed sword and a

confident smile on his face, when the dragon struck.

There is a story of the brave old man in 1940 which may or may not be true but which illustrates something in his character that we all admire and love. He was visiting a unit on the south-east coast, then hourly expecting invasion, and hundreds of men, worn out from digging all day, and in no mood for oratory, had been assembled by their officers in a large hut to hear him speak. When he came in, however, he at once sensed the mood of his weary audience and gave them a speech of just eleven words perfectly attuned to the occasion. "Men," he said, sticking out his jaw, "if the ———s land, push 'em back into the sea!" And there is another story that most people have heard, of how, in the course of his first important meeting with Stalin in Moscow, the Communist dictator, by sneering at Britain's war effort, unloosed such a flood of indignation that the interpreter was left far behind and the whole room waited silent till he had finished. Then Stalin walked up to him and said, "Mr. Prime Minister, I don't understand what you're saying, but I like the way you say it!" A finer epitome of all that Churchill stands for and has stood for has never been uttered.

SIXTY-EIGHT YEARS BACK: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AS A SCHOOLBOY.



AS A PUPIL AT THE MISSES THOMPSON'S SCHOOL IN BRUNSWICK ROAD, BRIGHTON: THE PRIME MINISTER, THEN ON THE EVE OF HIS TWELFTH BIRTHDAY, SEEN (SECOND ROW FROM FRONT, SECOND FROM LEFT) IN A GROUP PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN NOVEMBER 1886, AND SENT TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY ONE OF HIS SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

In 1883 Sir Winston Churchill, then aged nine, was transferred by his parents from the school near Ascot which, with good reason, he hated, and sent to a school at Brighton run by two ladies, the Misses Thompson. Writing in "My Early Life," Sir Winston says: "This was a smaller school than the one I had left. It was also cheaper and less pretentious. But there was an element of kindness and of sympathy which I had found conspicuously lacking in my first experiences. Here I remained for three years. . . . The impression of those years makes a pleasant picture in my mind, in strong contrast to my earlier schoolday memories." This photograph was taken at the Brighton school in November 1886 and has been sent to *The Illustrated London News* by Mr. W. Smallpeice, of Puttenham, Guildford, who was also at school there and appears in this group, standing at the end of the second row (left) next to Winston S. Churchill. Mr. Smallpeice describes Sir Winston as wearing "a football jersey (red) with red woollen brewer's cap," and says that he is standing next to the matron. Seated, in the middle of the same row, is Miss Thompson, and standing behind her (in a fur cape) is Miss Kate Thompson; on the right of the third row is Mr. Dawson, an assistant master. A boy in the back row (second from the end, right) is identified by Mr. Smallpeice as ———. Unjacke. He adds: "I believe the late Earl of Gosford and the late Duke of Manchester are in the group but I cannot identify them."

* "My Early Life." Sir Winston Churchill, p. 378. (Thornton Butterworth.)



"SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, K.G."; BY GRAHAM SUTHERLAND: THE POWERFUL, BUT UNFLATTERING, PORTRAIT PAINTED FOR PRESENTATION TO THE PRIME MINISTER ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY BY PAST AND PRESENT MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

The all-Party presentation in celebration of the eightieth birthday of the Prime Minister, arranged to take place at 12 noon on November 30 in Westminster Hall, is likely to be remembered as one of the great occasions in the long history of that great edifice. The project of an all-Party presentation to Sir Winston from both Houses was inaugurated early this year on the suggestion of Mr. Frank McLeavy, M.P., Chairman of the Executive of the Members' Parliamentary Committee. It was decided that the gift from both Houses should take the form of a portrait specially painted by Mr. Graham Sutherland; and that Mr. Henry Price's suggestion of an Illuminated Commemorative Book containing a Tribute and signatures of Members of all parties should be the gift of the House of Commons only. It was arranged that the Prime Minister should be met at St. Stephen's Entrance by the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Minister of Works, Mr. Frank McLeavy, and Mrs. McLeavy, who was to present a bouquet to Lady Churchill. As the party entered it was planned that the floodlights should be switched on and that the drums of the Grenadier Guards' Orchestra should tap out the V-sign in morse, and the orchestra

should then play "Pomp and Circumstance," No. 4. At the presentation platform the Prime Minister was to be received by the Speaker of the House of Commons and the Lord Chancellor; and following the opening speech of the Speaker and introduction of Mr. Attlee, the Leader of the Opposition, the latter would present the portrait which, it was planned, would then be illuminated and unveiled by remote control. Mr. David Grenfell, M.P. for Gower, "Father" of the House, was chosen to present the Commemorative Book, which Mr. Henry Price arranged to hand him, and then receive back from Sir Winston before placing it on view by the portrait. Sir Winston began sittings to Mr. Sutherland in August and the portrait, which is a powerful but somewhat unflattering work, was completed on November 20, but the Prime Minister did not see it until it was shown to him recently at No. 10, Downing Street. Mr. Sutherland is a leading contemporary British painter whose portraits of Mr. W. Somerset Maugham and Lord Beaverbrook roused much interest. He is represented by works in the permanent collections of the Tate Gallery and other museums in this country and in public galleries abroad.

THE QUEEN MOTHER'S RETURN: ROYAL FAMILY GREETINGS AT WATERLOO.



THE TRAIN PULLS IN: PRINCESS ANNE AND THE DUKE OF CORNWALL ARE WAVING, TO THE AMUSEMENT OF THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH. STANDING (BACKGROUND; L. TO R.) ARE SIR JOHN NOTT-BOWER, LORD SWINTON, MAJOR LLOYD-GEORGE, SIR ANTHONY EDEN, THE U.S. AMBASSADOR, THE CANADIAN HIGH COMMISSIONER AND SIR WINSTON.

ROYAL MOTHER AND DAUGHTER RE-UNITED: THE QUEEN AND QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER GREETING EACH OTHER WITH AN AFFECTIONATE KISS, WHILE PRINCESS ANNE HOVERS BESIDE THEM.



A HUG FOR THE DUKE OF CORNWALL FROM HIS GRANDMOTHER: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER KISSING HER GRANDSON. PRINCESS ANNE IS STANDING WITH HER BACK TO THE CAMERA.



PRINCESS ANNE'S TURN: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER STOOPS TO KISS HER GRANDDAUGHTER. THE QUEEN IS STANDING WITH HER BACK TO THE CAMERA, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IS BEHIND THE DUKE OF CORNWALL; AND SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AND LORD ALANBROOKE IN THE BACKGROUND.

The Royal family reunion on November 24 at Waterloo Station was a State function, and also a happy domestic occasion. The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and their children arrived on the platform to greet the Queen Mother on her return from America and Canada. As soon as the train bringing the Royal traveller from Southampton came in sight Princess Anne (wearing a dark-green velvet coat and fur-trimmed cap and carrying a muff to match) and the Duke of Cornwall began to wave and dance about; and after the Queen Mother and the Queen had kissed, the Royal children each got an affectionate hug. The official welcoming party was headed by the Prime Minister. Also present were Sir John Nott-Bower,

Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis; Lord Alanbrooke, Lord Lieutenant for the County of London; H.E. the American Ambassador; H.E. the High Commissioner for Canada; Sir Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary; Major Lloyd-George, the Home Secretary; Viscount Swinton, Secretary for Commonwealth Relations; the Chairman of the L.C.C.; and the Mayor of Lambeth. After the Royal family greetings and presentations had taken place, the two Queens, with the Duke of Edinburgh and the Royal children, drove in an open carriage with a Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry with Standard, through streets lined with cheering crowds to Clarence House.



AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN MOTHER AT WATERLOO STATION ON WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24 : HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE ROYAL CHILDREN.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother was welcomed home from her visit to the United States and Canada on November 24. Her elder daughter, the Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh and their children, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, went to Waterloo Station to greet the Royal traveller on her arrival at 12.26 by special Pullman from Southampton. During the few minutes' wait on the platform before the train pulled in punctually at the appointed time, her Majesty the Queen moved about among the members of the official welcoming

party of Cabinet Ministers and other distinguished persons. She is shown talking with the Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill, whose eightieth birthday was due to be celebrated a few days later—on November 30. Photographs of the Queen Mother's arrival and the joyous family greetings between her and the Queen and the Royal children appear opposite. Princess Margaret was suffering from a feverish cold and could not come to the station but was able to attend the "homecoming" dinner and dance at the Palace on November 25.

THE nineteenth century saw the conception of the rule of law in international relations carried as near to the ideal, though still far short of it, as had ever been the case. Greed, pride, nationalist passions, economic rivalry, and other handicaps were not overcome, but they were held in check. The general opinion was that progress toward the ideal would continue. Few expected a retrogression towards a moral jungle. After the close of the Napoleonic Wars the first half of the century was generally peaceful. Then began a series of wars involving great Powers, but they did no irreparable damage to the conception. The saving virtue of international society was a broad agreement in favour of it. British opinion might find much amiss in the policies of the Emperors Napoleon III. and Nicholas I. and of Bismarck, but it did not regard them as beyond the pale. After each war, relations were restored more or less to the normal and foreign ministries spoke to each other in the language they had used before the breach.

Something like a comity of nations persisted. For instance, historians tell us that after the Crimean War, of which this year marks the centenary, "Turkey was admitted to the Concert of Europe." The Concert of Europe was certainly vague, but it had an existence. The conception of the rule of law was, in fact, kept alive, though it might be precariously and with many regrettable incidents. It occurred to few that the future might hold in store a breach of a character altogether different from that which had divided nations in recent times, a breach dug by a fatally different system of ethics, ideals, and statecraft. It has been said that international law comprises the rules which great nations are prepared to observe in common. This view was not as cynical in the last century as it sounds to-day, because there were then obviously a number of rules which great nations were prepared to observe. They might break them, but, having denied that they had done so, they would later return to them. International law can survive only in an atmosphere at least as favourable as this.

The cracks which were to split this somewhat fragile structure were, for the most part, the result of the two great wars of this century. I should say that the first serious one was the use by the Germans of toxic gas in the Ypres salient. The Russian revolution, a direct result of the war, was of infinitely greater importance; from it, indeed, began the hopeless moral and intellectual breach of which I have spoken. Yet it was the Second World War, partly from its very nature, partly owing to the intemperance of men and of nations, which proved most fatal in disrupting old conceptions and controls. One after the other, conventions affecting the conduct of war were abandoned. What were called resistance movements, which were often enough conducted with an eye to political advantage and into which criminal elements contrived to infiltrate, hastened this process. They taught new techniques to the underworld. They showed how "private armies" could be raised and maintained. These lessons were learnt.

However, it is not only the chasm between ideologies, not only the abandonment of codes for the conduct of war, that has brought us to the present state of affairs. Public opinion, horrified, with reason, by the developments of warfare, often refuses to countenance measures to preserve the rule of law, because it regards them as risky. A Palmerston to-day could not send a naval squadron to blockade Greek ports to enforce the payment of debts due to a fine old English gentleman such as Don Pacifico. The people would not, as they say themselves, "stand for it." The risk of another war is often a deterrent to forms of action much more reasonable than that of Palmerston in 1850. The heavy commitments deliberately brought about by Communist cold-war policy is another. The cost of even small expeditions is sometimes a secondary factor. The unruly and the impudent feel that they can presume on these conditions. Palmerston must turn in his grave if he is aware of the encroachments of South American States on British rights.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THREATS TO THE RULE OF LAW.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

At the present moment many observers think it likely that Viet-minh is prepared to overrun southern Indo-China, without even a decent interval having been allowed to elapse after the armistice. This would be an action so monstrous that it might lead to another war, and for that reason it may not take place. Yet the very fact that it is considered to be a serious possibility affords proof of the lack of scruple of our time. More typical still is the deliberate organisation by professedly democratic Governments of banditry. Several examples will occur to the mind. The latest is obscure in detail, but the fact that it has occurred is not open to doubt. A force of Indonesian bandits has been landed in Dutch New Guinea to raise the natives against the Europeans. This expedition could not have been organised without official support. Having failed to interest any nation in a fantastic claim to the possession of New Guinea, Indonesia appears to have regarded the fitting-out of a bandit invasion force as more or less world standard practice and in any case unlikely to bring about any repercussions of a character dangerous to her.

The action of Peru against a whaling fleet is a far worse example of the malady. This is pure and simple

present weaknesses, will prove in this instance strong enough to fulfil one of the functions for which it was created. Failing that, it must be clear that if the present offender is allowed to escape the rightful consequences of its illegal action the rule of law will be still further debilitated and the impression that it can be defied with impunity will be strengthened. Our country is not affected directly, but cannot be indifferent to the effect of the action on its insurance interests. Nor can it avoid considering the effect of the precedent in a region where similar practices tend to become fashionable.

By the time these lines are read, further developments are likely to have taken place. My views may have been either confirmed or refuted. As I write, they are that we, and perhaps others, will refuse to tolerate this glaring offence. However, I am writing, not about the Peruvian action, which I have used only as the most recent example of a characteristic of the modern world. My subject is the characteristic itself. Sometimes these incidents are without major importance in themselves. Sometimes the damage is repaired at the cost of great effort and much money. Yet every time a lawless act of this nature is perpetrated without the doer being made sensible of having committed an offence—and often a crime—against humanity, the old concept of the rule of law becomes dimmer and with its dimming goes a further weakening of the structure of international relations and a step towards anarchy. It is perhaps not surprising that little States should take a leaf out of the book of the big, but it aggravates the trouble.

I do not recommend that we should work ourselves up to excitement about minor examples of the evil or that we should embark upon crusades in reprisal. On the other hand, it would seem to be a mistake to treat them as trivial. There should be a certain solidarity regarding them among peoples who desire to observe the law. If that solidarity cannot be extended as high as the United Nations, it can still be exerted on the level of the various continental and oceanic pacts. Obviously, too, those who condemn practices of the type described should be careful to keep their own hands clean. And when their own nationals or citizens play this game, it is the duty of all States to prevent it by all the means in their power. If they can do nothing else they can condemn it, even when they believe that genuine grievances have had a part in its inception. If they keep silence they take their share of the guilt.

Despite all the evils which have befallen the world in the two great wars and their respective aftermaths, it has benefited by the work accomplished in an easier and less cynical age. The Hague and Geneva, which stand among the finest monuments to that work, have not

lost their virtue, though both may have been weakened. A great part of the heritage has survived, and a long downward step towards anarchy would have been taken if that were allowed to slip away. That is why I feel that not a single one of these incidents should be allowed to pass without reprobation and, where practical, consultation on the best means of repairing the damage and preventing the spread of any more from the same source. To suggest precise remedies is impossible, because different cases call for different treatment, and few cases are as free from complexity as that of the whaling fleet under the flag of Panama.

Some will say I make too much of these things. They will claim, with justice, that something of the kind is inevitable so long as the greater nations of the world do not act in concert and that at worst they are preferable to major acts of aggression. Quite so, but I still maintain that danger lurks in the tendency to treat them as a matter of course and do no more than shrug shoulders over them. The present structure of international relations and international law has been so much damaged and has become so fragile in consequence that we shall allow it to be further eroded at our peril. It is one of the chief defences of civilisation. Only if we lost it should we realise how much we had owed to it.



A RECENT EXAMPLE OF A THREAT TO THE RULE OF LAW: THE SEIZURE BY PERU OF THE ONASSIS WHALING FLEET—A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING FOUR OF THE WHALING VESSELS ANCHORED AT PAYTA, WITH THE PERUVIAN DESTROYER *AQUIRRE* HOVERING IN THE BACKGROUND. THE SHIPS IN THE FOREGROUND ARE *OLYMPIC VICTOR* AND *OLYMPIC FIGHTER*, AND BEYOND ARE *OLYMPIC CONQUEROR* AND *OLYMPIC LIGHTNING*.

This week Captain Falls discusses threats to the rule of law, which have in some part resulted from the two World Wars, and the very real dangers which attend toleration of law-breaking. He cites the action of Peru against a whaling fleet as a bad example of the malady, saying: "It is pure and simple piracy on the high seas, a crime for which in older days men hung in chains till they rotted." Captain Falls is not, however, concerned chiefly with the Peruvian action, "which I have used only as the most recent example of a characteristic of the modern world," but his subject is the "characteristic itself."

piracy on the high seas, a crime for which in older days men hung in chains till they rotted. In impudence it excels the Indonesian action. It was neither concealed nor camouflaged, but was carried out openly by the forces of the State. It may be that a still more dastardly crime was narrowly avoided; for reports speak of an intercepted message ordering the sinking of a certain ship. To-day a maritime nation will coolly extend, in defiance of reason as well as practice, the limit of its territorial waters to a couple of hundred miles and then take violent action against shipping which infringes this one-sided and absurd code. The policy and characteristics of the owner of the fleet have, in this instance, been criticised, but they are beside the point. That point is that his vessels have been the victims of a piratical outrage at the hands of forces acting on the orders of the Peruvian Government.

I should have said that in this instance the law-breaker had over-reached himself and that, in default of action by the United Nations, some States, including our own, were likely to take strong action expressive of their disapproval. This, for once, is not a matter connected with the great world split. It does not automatically put other nations into two opposing camps. That is the one feature which is not ominous. It may be, then, that the United Nations, for all its

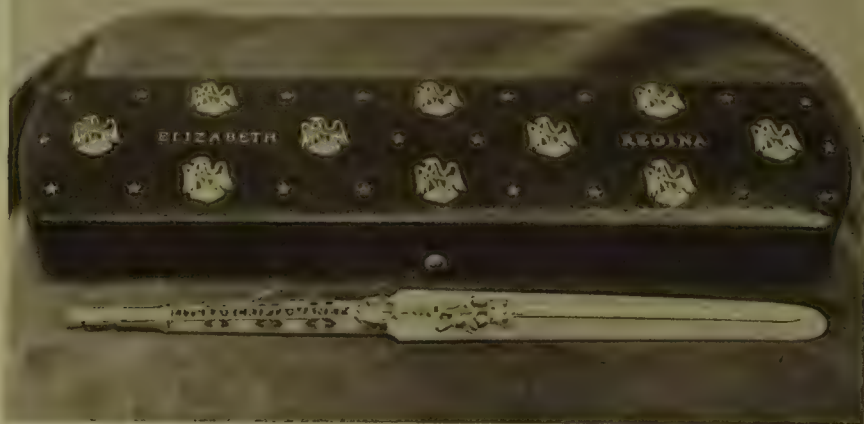


A SALUTE FROM THE MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS TO BRITAIN'S GREATEST FIGURE: THE SCENE IN WESTMINSTER HALL, LONDON, WHEN THE PRIME MINISTER, SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, RECEIVED THE GIFTS AND ACCLAIM OF BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY ON NOVEMBER 30.



MARSHAL TITO, BESIDE HIS OWN BUST PORTRAIT, SPEAKING AT A BANQUET DURING HIS FIRST OFFICIAL VISIT TO THE FORMER "ZONE B" OF TRIESTE, NOW PART OF YUGOSLAVIA. On November 21 Marshal Tito paid his first visit to the former "Zone B" of Trieste, now part of Yugoslavia, and addressed a rally of 10,000 people at Kopar (Capodistria), attended a banquet held in his honour and was made an honorary citizen of the town.

ROYAL OCCASIONS, A POLITICAL LANDMARK, AND HOME ITEMS OF PARTICULAR INTEREST.



THE GOLD, SILVER AND ENAMEL PEN WITH WHICH HER MAJESTY SIGNED THE CORONATION OATH: ONE OF THE ITEMS IN A CURRENT EXHIBITION OF MODERN SILVER. This pen, the Queen's Cup, and the Everest Trophy are among a number of pieces of distinguished silver made during the last two or three years, in an exhibition organised by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, which opened at the Tea Centre, Lower Regent Street, on November 24, and will remain open until December 18.



HER MAJESTY AT THE BALACLAVA BALL: WITH MAJOR-GENERAL J. F. B. COMBE, WEARING THE JACKET AND PELISSE ACTUALLY WORN BY LORD CARDIGAN AT BALACLAVA. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother attended the Balaclava Ball which was held at the Hyde Park Hotel on November 26 to mark the centenary of the Charge of the Light Brigade. The Royal guests were received by the Colonels of the five regiments (4th Hussars, 8th Hussars, 11th Hussars, 13/18th Hussars and 17th/21st Lancers). Full dress was worn and the occasion was splendid and magnificent.



QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AT THE WEDDING OF THE HON. ANTHONY BERRY, YOUNGEST SON OF VISCOUNT KEMSLEY, AND THE HON. MARY ROCHE, ELDER DAUGHTER OF LORD FERMOY. Our photograph, taken at the reception following the wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on November 25, shows in the middle row (l. to r.) Viscountess Kemsley, Lord Fermoy, H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Viscount Kemsley and Lady Fermoy. Behind are the bride and bridegroom, and the best man, the Hon. Colin Tennant. In front and to the sides are the nine child bridesmaids and the three pages. Among the clergy taking part in the ceremony was the Bishop of Norwich. The reception was held at Hutchinson House, Stratford Place.



DISCOVERED IN COTTAGES, NOW LISTED AS OF SPECIAL HISTORICAL INTEREST AT PICCOTT'S END, HEMEL HEMPSTEAD: 400-YEAR-OLD WALL-PAINTINGS. In our issue of March 21, 1953, we reported the discovery of a series of medieval wall-paintings during the renovation of some old cottages at Piccott's End, Hemel Hempstead. These cottages have now been listed as of historical interest, and the Ministry of Works is considering a grant to the owner, Mr. A. C. Lindley.



WEARING THE DOUBLE DECORATION OF MEDALS FROM THE P.D.S.A. AND THE NATIONAL CANINE DEFENCE LEAGUE: THE METROPOLITAN POLICE DOG, REX III. At Tooting Police Station on March 24, a police dog, Rex III, who last June seized an armed deserter who was firing at him was decorated by Lord Amwell with the special Silver Medal of the P.D.S.A. and by Mr. Neave Parker with the Bronze Medal of the National Canine Defence League.

ON THE EVE OF HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY: SIR WINSTON AT WOODFORD AND AT BRISTOL, AND BIRTHDAY GIFTS.



THE PRIME MINISTER AT BRISTOL UNIVERSITY: SIR WINSTON CONFERRING THE HONORARY DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LAWS ON MR. R. A. BUTLER (ABOVE) AND MAKING HIS CHANCELLOR'S SPEECH (RIGHT).



A BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL FROM SIR ANTHONY AND LADY EDEN: AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY GLASS GOBLET FINELY ENGRAVED BY MR. STEPHEN RICKARD—"W.S.C. FROM C.E. AND A.E. 30 NOVBR. 1954."



EIGHTY CANDLES FOR THE PRIME MINISTER: ONE OF THE TWO HUGE BIRTHDAY CAKES WHICH WERE DELIVERED TO NO. 10, DOWNING STREET FOR SIR WINSTON'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS.



WITH A PORTRAIT OF LADY CHURCHILL BY MR. JOHN NAPPER: THE PRIME MINISTER AND LADY CHURCHILL LOOKING AT THE PICTURE, WHICH WAS GIVEN TO SIR WINSTON BY HIS CONSTITUENTS AT A CEREMONY IN WOODFORD ON NOVEMBER 23.



WITH THE INSCRIBED PORTRAIT WHICH HE PAINTED OF SIR WINSTON, AND PRESENTED TO HIM ON HIS BIRTHDAY: MR. JOHN SPENCER-CHURCHILL, A NEPHEW OF THE PRIME MINISTER.

On November 23, a week before his eightieth birthday, the Prime Minister was presented with a portrait of Lady Churchill, which was given to him as a birthday present by his constituents at a gathering in Woodford, Essex. The portrait, by Mr. John Napper, shows Lady Churchill seated and wearing a lavender lace evening dress. It was at this meeting that the Prime Minister touched off a controversy by revealing his instructions to Field Marshal Lord Montgomery just before the end of the war about the storing of German

arms for possible use should the Soviet Army's westward advance continue. The Prime Minister referred to this on November 26 when he addressed 2000 students at Bristol University. In thanking the students for a silver salver to mark his birthday, he said: "Thank you for giving me this on a day when, if you look at the papers, I am supposed to be in a bit of a scrape." Later Sir Winston, who was celebrating his silver jubilee as Chancellor of the University, conferred honorary degrees in the Great Hall and made a speech.

THE WORLD TO-DAY: A MISCELLANY OF NEWS FROM MANY QUARTERS.



BEING TESTED IN THE SWISS ALPS: A NEW TYPE OF RADAR-DIRECTED ANTI-AIRCRAFT ROCKET.

A radar-directed anti-aircraft rocket which, it is claimed, finds its own target, is undergoing tests in the mountains at Tschamut, in central Switzerland. The rocket, which has been developed by the Oerlikon arms factory, is shown above on its base prior to being elevated and fired into the air.



FOUND GUILTY OF THE MURDER OF SIR JACK AND LADY DRUMMOND AND THEIR DAUGHTER: GASTON DOMINICI HANDCUFFED TO A POLICE OFFICER.

On November 28, at Digne, in the Basses Alpes, after a trial which opened on November 17, Gaston Dominici, a seventy-seven-year-old French farmer, was found guilty of the murder of Sir Jack and Lady Drummond and their eleven-year-old daughter Elizabeth; and was sentenced to death, the jury answering yes, by majority verdict, to all of seven questions.



THE LATEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER TO JOIN THE ROYAL NAVY: H.M.S. *BULWARK*, SHOWING THE ANGLED DECK

H.M.S. *Bulwark*, Britain's latest aircraft-carrier, recently accepted from the builders, Messrs. Harland and Wolff, of Belfast, and commissioned last month, has been carrying out trials. H.M.S. *Bulwark* incorporates all the latest developments in carrier-operating technique, including the angled deck.



STANDING IN SILENT TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MR. VYSHINSKY: U.N. DELEGATES IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE SOVIET DIPLOMAT'S DEATH.

The body of Mr. Andrei Vyshinsky, leader of the Soviet delegation to the United Nations, who died in New York on November 22, was flown to Paris on November 23, whence it was taken to Moscow for a State funeral. Earlier, the embalmed body lay in state at the Park Avenue headquarters of the Soviet delegation to the United Nations. The funeral took place in Moscow on November 26, when his ashes were placed in a cavity in the Kremlin wall near the tomb of Lenin and Stalin.



(ABOVE.) ON THE WAY TO MOSCOW: MR. A. VYSHINSKY'S COFFIN BEING TRANSFERRED TO A SOVIET AIRCRAFT AT ORLY AIRPORT, IN PARIS, WATCHED BY A GROUP OF MOURNERS, MANY BEARING WREATHS.

(LEFT.) THE LIFTED REMAINS OF THE WALBROOK TEMPLE OF MITHRAS, ON THEIR TEMPORARY SITE, PROTECTED WITH BARBED WIRE AGAINST THE ENTHUSIASM OF SOUVENIR HUNTERS.

The lifting of the important Temple of Mithras discovered in September near Walbrook, in the City of London, was completed in the middle of October; and the building now stands, as shown, on a temporary site, pending its erection in the forecourt of the new block, Bucklersbury House, which is to rise on the same site. Interest in this remarkable discovery is still strong, as is shown by the necessity to protect the remains against souvenir hunters. A detailed scale model of the remains was prepared by the Ministry of Works, and this was recently exhibited at Birmingham.



THE PRIME MINISTER OF CEYLON IN LONDON; SIR JOHN KOTELAWALA LEAVING FOR BUCKINGHAM PALACE, WHERE HE WAS RECEIVED BY THE QUEEN ON NOVEMBER 24.

Sir John Kotelawala arrived in London on November 19 for his visit as guest of the British Government. He was received by the Queen on November 24, and afterwards lunched with Sir Winston Churchill. Owing to indisposition he postponed his departure to New York till November 30.

UNCOVERING THE WORLD'S OLDEST FUNERARY BOAT: THE START OF THE GIZA EXCAVATIONS.



LOOKING DOWN ON THE EXCELLENTLY-PRESERVED TIMBERS OF THE 4550-YEAR-OLD FUNERARY BOAT OF CHEOPS, AFTER THE FIRST ROOFING BLOCK HAD BEEN REMOVED



THE FIRST GLIMPSE INTO THE HOLD. THE DECK TIMBERS SEEM TO BE COVERED WITH CLOTH, AND BENEATH CAN BE SEEN "A QUANTITY OF CORDAGE."

In our issue of June 5 we reported the discovery by Kamal el-Malakh of what were believed to be two untouched funerary boat troughs alongside the south face of the pyramid of Cheops, and in our issue of June 19 we reproduced two photographs of a boat as seen through a small exploratory hole made in the roof of one of the troughs. On November 23 one of the forty-two limestone roofing blocks of this trough was lifted in a ceremony attended by a distinguished gathering of people. We reproduce here some of the first photographs taken after



LOOKING DOWN THE LENGTH OF THE BOAT TOWARDS, IT IS BELIEVED, THE BOWS. THE TOTAL LENGTH IS 115 FT. OR MORE, THE BEAM BEING ABOUT 10 FT.



LIFTING THE FIRST OF THE FORTY-TWO LIMESTONE BLOCKS WHICH COVER THE BOAT TROUGH. THIS BLOCK HAD AN ESTIMATED WEIGHT OF 17 TONS.

this removal. It was estimated that the complete removal of the blocks covering the whole of the boat-trough would take about three weeks; but naturally the first consideration will be the technique of ensuring the safe preservation of the ship's timbers. Little definite information was available, at the time of writing; but it had been stated that the timber was mainly cedar, with some acacia; and that hieroglyphics recorded that the boat had been placed there by the successor of Cheops, but whether this successor was named Tet-F-Ra was not then clear.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S AMERICAN GRANDFATHER.

"THE FABULOUS LEONARD JEROME"; By ANITA LESLIE.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MISS LESLIE'S candid, well-written and entertaining book deserved a less journalistic title, and it might have had a less limiting one. For although at the beginning and intermittently afterwards, her attention is centred upon the dashing and daring speculator and sportsman who was her great-grandfather and Sir Winston Churchill's grandfather, as the book proceeds Mr. Jerome is usually out of sight, on the other side of the Atlantic, and she is mainly concerned with his wife and daughters and sons-in-law on this side of the ocean. When she is concerned with them, moreover, she is able to write more fully and intimately. For Jerome, who was born in 1819, the same year as Queen Victoria, and died long before the author came upon the scene, must be to her rather a legendary figure; but her grandmother and great-aunts she knew well—indeed, many of their friends are still living—and she has been able to make use of the trunks-full of letters which each of them left behind. Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that she has to follow the careers of several generations and switch from hemisphere to hemisphere she weaves her threads very skilfully and her book leaves the reader with no impression of patchiness.

Leonard Jerome was born in what were then the backwoods of New York State, of old farming stock, and his early career was marked by a variegation characteristic of the time and place. He left school at fourteen and began work in his village store at a dollar a week. At that age he was thrifty, which he certainly was not in later days, when the rapidity with which he "made" millions was no more remarkable than the prodigality with which he spent them. With his savings he bought a violin (he had always a passion for music, which was later coupled with a propensity for opera-singers); his father caught him playing it in a barn on a Sunday, and smashed it to bits. Better luck followed. He had an elder brother, Aaron, who was at Princeton. Although he was a theological student he was broad-minded enough to put

finish his education in a humbler and cheaper college nearer home. Thereafter, in its speed and transformations, his career is typical of the America of his day.

He tried the law and found it slow and dull. He turned to local journalism and publishing, made money, and then took his handsome face, tall, strong body and remarkable charm to New York City, where he proceeded to charm Wall Street and its wife, and to make the first of his fortunes with great rapidity. What his speculations and "deals" were Miss Leslie does not say, and perhaps has not discovered. In all likelihood railways were prominent amongst them: those were years of railway boom. But he never resembled the ruck of new millionaires of the period. For one thing, he was notoriously honest; he was not one of those who "build railways which start at nowhere and finish nowhere," he did not (unlike some men who might have known better) swindle the public with over-watered stock, and did not have shady transactions with crooked or criminal politicians. And for another thing, though he rejoiced in parties and could entertain with almost Babylonian splendour, there was no tinge of vulgarity about him. When he died in 1891—in a Brighton boarding-house, of all places—those were the things that

his friends and the obituarists dwelt on. "All his acquaintances struggled to record his intense aliveness. Many of the notices used the word 'gentleman,' throwing him into clear-cut perspective against a vital ungentlemanly background. One New Yorker wrote: 'I have known Leonard Jerome going on for thirty years and I've got just one thing to say about him. He was a white man and a gentleman if ever there was one,' and another: 'One rode better, banqueted better, when Mr. Jerome was of the company.'"

He lived life to the full. Having carefully provided for his family, he was free to indulge in his own tastes. Fortunes to him were things to be spent. Preferably in ways which would give happiness to other people. He founded the American Jockey Club and secured endowment for an immense racecourse. He gave yachting, parties, and sailed in the first two Transatlantic races, during each of which men were washed overboard and drowned. He introduced America to four-in-hand driving. He added a small opera-house to his Fifth Avenue mansion. Whenever his sumptuousness, or a mistaken venture (he lost a million over one gamble) had left him high and dry, he merely said to himself "I'd better make some more," settled down to a fierce bout of work, and was soon well afloat again. "One evening, while he was entertaining some friends at dinner, a

telegram was brought to him, which he opened, read, and laid by the side of his plate. When the dinner was over he rose and asked pardon for the impoliteness of reading the telegram, 'but, gentlemen,' he continued, 'it is a message in which you are all interested. The bottom has fallen out of stocks and I'm a ruined man. But your dinner is paid for and I did not want to disturb you while you were eating it.'"

The remark about the dinner was a jest, and the ruin distinctly qualified. Enough was recovered from the wreck, and from later speculations, to enable him, before long, to settle £6,000-a-year on his second daughter, when she married. But he did spend his later years quietly, finishing by living in a hotel. He had no longer the inclination, and sometimes not the means, to go the old pace.

A home in the full sense he had long ceased to have. His wife, a woman quiet in her ways, and with no

liking for dances, yachts, race-horses, coaches or hilarious sprees of any kind, induced him, while the girls were still young, to take them all to Paris. There, when he returned to America, they remained, until the ailing Emperor allowed himself to be forced into the 1870 War by the cunning of Bismarck and

the chauvinism of the Parisians. Mrs. Jerome, with daughters to bring out, was more amenable to social life than she had been. Napoleon had himself been a penniless adventurer and his Court was easier of access than most; the Jerome family were received on friendly terms and were asked to country house-parties by the Emperor and his beautiful, impetuous wife. The collapse came and the Jeromes escaped to England, to be followed by their former hosts. There they fell into the usual routine of country parties, London season, Ascot and Cowes. And in England the three girls all found husbands. Clara, the eldest, married Moreton Frewen, that extraordinary eccentric product of a long line of Sussex squires, who had as outstanding a facility for losing money—his own and other people's—as his father-in-law had for making it. The youngest, Leonie, married the future Sir John Leslie, a modest subaltern in the Guards. And Jennie, who retained to old age the beauty, sense and vivacity of her youth, was proposed to by Lord Randolph Churchill when they had known each other only a day or two, and married him after

MISS ANITA LESLIE, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Miss Anita Leslie (Mrs. William King) was born in 1914 and is the only daughter of Sir Shane Leslie, and a great-granddaughter of Leonard Jerome. During the war she served with the M.T.C. and published an account of some of her experiences in a book called "Train to Nowhere" (1948). In 1949 she married Commander William King, D.S.O., D.S.C., and has a small son who is the hero of her other book, "Love in a Nutshell."



IN 1887: LEONARD JEROME, GRANDFATHER OF SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AND GREAT-GRANDFATHER OF ANITA LESLIE.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Fabulous Leonard Jerome"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, Hutchinson.



THE JEROME SISTERS: ON THE LEFT IS JENNIE, WHO MARRIED LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND WAS THE MOTHER OF SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL.

every penny he could scrape together into the celebrated Mulberry Tree Speculation. America was swept by a rage for silkworms: Aaron made 40,000 dollars and offered to finance his younger brothers through college. At eighteen Leonard went to Princeton, and his own description of his arrival shows that he was no ordinary "farmer's boy": "I was fluttering with nervous apprehension and the excitement of finding Nassau Hall, its white cupola half-hidden in a grove of trees. Except in books I had never seen a beautiful building before. The beauties of nature had always been around me but not those of man." Two years in that charming University town and money was short again—the moths must have got at the produce of the silkworms—so that Jerome had to



WITH HIS AUNT LEONIE IN DUBLIN IN 1880: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AS A SMALL BOY.

..Photograph reproduced by courtesy of Seymour Leslie.

hostility at Blenheim had produced a violent reaction from Jerome, and then been withdrawn.

Lord Randolph's career, both private and public, is vividly sketched (there is a full account of a strange episode with the Prince of Wales) and many famous people of all kinds pass across the scene. One still remains—Sir Winston Churchill. He makes several appearances as child and schoolboy. A reproduction of his earliest letter is amongst the many good illustrations. "My dear mama," it runs, "I am so glad you are coming to see us I had such a nice bathe in the sea to-day. Love to papa your loving Winston."

His style to-day, though equally lucid, is not quite so concise.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1022 of this issue.

* "The Fabulous Leonard Jerome." By Anita Leslie. Illustrated. (Hutchinson; 21s.)



(Above.) WRECKED ON THE GOODWIN SANDS: THE LIGHTSHIP *SOUTH GOODWIN* ON HER SIDE, WITH THE SOLE SURVIVOR, MR. RONALD MURTON WHO WAS LATER RESCUED BY HELICOPTER, STANDING AMIDSHIPS.

AN unprecedented disaster occurred during the great gale on the night of November 26-27, when the *South Goodwin* lightship was torn from her moorings and wrecked on the Goodwin Sands, about six miles from her anchorage. She is the first Trinity House lightship ever to be wrecked by a gale. There was only one survivor, Mr. Ronald Murton, aged twenty-two, a Ministry of Agriculture scientist, who had been on the lightship for a month, studying bird migration. He managed to climb from the galley and cling to a deck-rail when the ship

[Continued opposite.]

(Right.) A HELICOPTER TO THE RESCUE: THE U.S. HELICOPTER WHICH RESCUED MR. MURTON AND FERRIED MEN AND EQUIPMENT TO THE STRICKEN LIGHTSHIP, SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND



[Continued.] heeled over after striking the sands. About eight hours after the start of his ordeal he was able to grasp the noose of a rope lowered by a helicopter of the American Air Force and was hauled to safety. All seven regular members of the crew were missing and it was believed that they were trapped on board, but a party of Trinity House men from the vessel *Patricia* and frogmen from H.M.S. *Romola* searched the vessel on November 28 and found no trace of them. The rescuers, who were assisted on to the hull by the American helicopter, used oxy-acetylene burners and other cutting equipment, and went into all the compartments. At first light on November 29 another attempt to solve the mystery was made when Royal Navy frogmen searched the wrecked lightship but failed to find any trace of her crew.

TORN FROM HER MOORINGS AT THE HEIGHT OF THE GALE: THE LIGHTSHIP *SOUTH GOODWIN* WRECKED ON THE GOODWIN SANDS.



THE LIGHT THAT FAILED: HEAVY SEAS BREAKING OVER THE SOUTH GOODWIN LIGHTSHIP AS SHE LAY ON HER SIDE ON THE TREACHEROUS GOODWIN SANDS, TO WHICH SHE ONCE STOOD SENTINEL.

At 2 a.m. on Saturday, November 27, at the height of the 80 m.p.h. gale, the look-out on board the *East Goodwin* lightship, stationed some seven miles off Deal, in Kent, noticed that her sister-ship, the *South Goodwin*, had broken her moorings and was being driven towards one of the worst stretches of the dreaded

Goodwin Sands. When daylight came the vessel was sighted lying on her side about six miles from her anchorage. Lifeboats from Ramsgate, Deal and Dover were summoned and other vessels made their way to the scene but were prevented from approaching the vessel until the fury of the gale abated. A Trinity House

official said that they were at a loss to understand how the vessel was torn from her moorings, and added: "These ships are among the strongest of their type in the world and they are all well able to withstand greater gales than the one on Friday night." All seven regular members of the crew are missing, presumed

drowned, when attempting to abandon ship. The only survivor of the disaster is Mr. Ronald Murton, a Ministry of Agriculture research scientist, whose rescue is described on the preceding page. This photograph of the doomed vessel, partly submerged by the sea, was taken from the air.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

DEAR LADY DISDAIN.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THE Globe Theatre tingled with expectancy. This could be no routine night, but an occasion. Programmes announced "An Evening With Beatrice Lillie," and, even while the pianists were preluding, the house had begun to applaud a drop-curtain with a profile sketch of the actress herself. A red hat, like a small lampshade, was thrust on the head, tilted back from the face, with its inquiring nose and bright, mischievous eyes.

We waited anxiously for the overture to end, for Beatrice Lillie to declare herself. A young actor called Leslie Bricusse—he had appeared in a Cambridge Footlights revue a few months before—tossed off a joke or so; the curtain rose on a dressing-room (a sketch called "A Star's First Night"); and, after one false alarm, the house shattered suddenly into cheering as Beatrice Lillie entered and acknowledged the welcome in one of the deepest, slowest bows on record. There she was, the eyes flickering with amusement, the hands swooping gracefully in those elaborate gestures: Beatrice Lillie in a figured gold and black dress (I hope this is right), with a long stole and with one of her small lampshades pushed back on that sleekly-brushed hair.

At once she started to clown: a dressing-room intruder on a star's first night. It was a deplorable sketch: but Beatrice Lillie flicked line after line into wit. "What a lot of telegrams! Anyone you know?" Brick upon brick dropped, not with a thud but with a silvery tinkle. And B. Lillie could always fill in the gaps. For perhaps ten seconds, and for no reason on earth, she was a bear on roller-skates. Her stole, in an uncertain grasp, seemed to have life, and to writhe. Presently she saw herself as Pavlova—goodness knows

in the Footlights revue, but that here seemed strained. Then back to Beatrice Lillie—now at the January White Sale in one of the most famous revue sketches of its time, that nonsense about the two dozen double damask dinner-napkins: a fatal order that tied into knots the tongues of Miss Lillie, the shop-assistant, and the shopwalker. The wretched things became danner nipkins and dizzy napkins, and embroiled everyone in

wind round my heart," suddenly deflated a song that (to unsuspecting listeners) might have begun upon Wuthering Heights.

We saw Miss Lillie—how hard it is to call her this respectfully!—as she gave her lesson with the fan. "Picture above if you can," wrote Austin Dobson, "eyes that could melt as the dew." Not at all: "And then you drop your eyes demurely" murmured Miss Lillie, apparently tossing them to the floor in one of those expressively literal gestures of hers. We heard of Nanette who, unfortunately, did not exist: no wonder that people failed to notice her. Beatrice Lillie now became Sweet and oh-so-gay Sixteen, looking with anguish at her suddenly fractured zither string. She almost strangled herself with her scarf as she knotted it tightly about her throat. Once more she described that brandy-candid scene with Maud, "We are all of us just rotten to the core" (and "I said 'Just look at Mabel, stuffed with slime'"). And, so typical, we observed Miss Lillie when, beginning to recite "I met a little elf-man, the weest little elf," she was enveloped in the swooping cloak of one of the fiercest tenors in captivity. "Come into the garden, Maud," he bellowed. Miss Lillie, standing statue-calm, decorously embarrassed—after all, why will people do these things!—among the bat-black and whirling folds, explained with some care that she was not Maud; she was Be-a-trice.

It was getting late; but, "all joking towards one side" as Miss Lillie said, Beatrice, the mezzanine soprano, burst joyfully into "There are fairies at the bottom of our garden," ending with a sharp twitch of the necklace which suddenly looped and swirled around her and slid to the ground. Gently, Miss Lillie—her eyes gleaming—decided that it was time to say good-night. Once more, and after that awkward



"EVERYTHING RESTED AGAIN UPON BEATRICE LILLIE'S SENSE OF WILD COMEDY... HER DECISION TO WEAR THE BORROWED HAT WITH A LABEL HANGING FROM ITS SIDE": BEATRICE LILLIE IN "REFERENCES," A SKETCH FROM "AN EVENING WITH BEATRICE LILLIE," WHICH OPENED AT THE GLOBE THEATRE ON NOVEMBER 24 FOR A LIMITED SEASON.

a convoluted gibbering. Through it Miss Lillie's voice sounded (so I felt) like a scrambled telephone call.

This has always been a useful sketch, but the audience waited hopefully for something more. First, we had to hear Mr. Bricusse again as he talked about train announcing: a subject that, on this particular evening, failed to stimulate us. The next sketch was another old one: the arrival of Beatrice Lillie, primly capped and aproned, as the parlourmaid under notice. Ingeniously, with the help of her mistress's hat and fur coat, she was able to give a remarkable reference to her prospective employer. Everything rested again upon Beatrice Lillie's sense of wild comedy, her sudden burst of tap-dancing, her decision to wear the borrowed hat with a label dangling from its side, her description of big-game hunting in Africa, where she shot a lot of "elephants, cantelupe," and so forth, and her removal—a complicated exercise this—of the armchair-leg from her toe. It was all fantastically comic, though the author had allowed the sketch to fizzle.

Afterwards, under the surprising title of "Kabuki Lil," we saw Miss Lillie as an ornament of the Japanese theatre, in which there seems to be nothing whatever to do but to keep as still as Fuji-yama on the backcloth. Miss Lillie, looking like a cross between Yum-Yum and an uncommonly urbane Katisha, supplied her own brand of action. She tottered and wilted; she exchanged cushions (even an actress must be comfortable); she squeaked now and again—the only identifiable word was "Mazawattee"—and, when everything else had been tried, she hammered hopefully on a gong. It was not an absorbing form of acting; but we had an idea that if Miss Lillie chose, she could have kept it up all day long, like the Japanese noblemen of Titipu.

The interval loomed. Delighted as we were to meet B. Lillie again, we had to admit that the first part of the evening had had its *longueurs*. After the interval we had nothing whatever to worry us. We saw a major artist putting across her songs as only she could, fooling with them, looking at them with a mild disdain, refusing obstinately to be sentimental, always coolly observant, always joyfully prepared to puncture any bit of drama. The cry, "I've got



"WE SAW A MAJOR ARTIST PUTTING ACROSS HER SONGS AS ONLY SHE COULD, FOOLING WITH THEM, LOOKING AT THEM WITH A MILD DISDAIN, REFUSING OBSTINATELY TO BE SENTIMENTAL...": BEATRICE LILLIE WITH HER TWO ACCOMPANISTS, EADIE AND RACK, IN "AN EVENING WITH BEATRICE LILLIE."

why—and shimmered about the dressing-room, flopping at last in what she probably thought was the Dying Swan. A moment later, and she was in a rose-coloured yashmak, riding a camel—a quite imaginary camel—and remembering that famous poem, "I shot an Arab in the air."

Those who saw her for the first time must have recognised her quality, the speed of her transitions, the cool decorum disturbed by a quick rush of farce, the irony, the air of disdainful mischief. A phrase for another Beatrice shone in the mind, "What, my dear Lady Disdain!" and, with that, Beatrice's own confession, "I was born to speak all mirth and no matter." Certainly the applause at the end of the first sketch was for Beatrice Lillie, and not for her toiling author. Leslie Bricusse followed with an American's-eye view of England that went well



"A NICE BLEND OF VAUDEVILLE AND REVUE IN WHICH JIMMY EDWARDS AND TONY HANCOCK RUN WILD": TONY HANCOCK (LEFT) AND JIMMY EDWARDS IN "SEND THE RELIEF"—A SCENE FROM "THE TALK OF THE TOWN" AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

first half, she had a London audience at her feet, though one felt that she surveyed this excited theatre with the slightly wondering endurance of Beatrice in the tenor's cloak. Dear Lady Disdain!

Miss Lillie must always be "The Talk of the Town," but that not very surprising label is needed for the production at the Adelphi Theatre: a nice blend of vaudeville and revue in which Jimmy Edwards and Tony Hancock run wild. Mr. Edwards, moustached and sandy-voiced (a layer of jam over the sand) has started a new political party, "Jimmunism" ("All for Jim"). Mr. Hancock, deceptively benign, has pinned a music-hall crooner in fifteen minutes of cruel and needed parody. It has been a week for what somebody—I believe Duke Theseus—calls the pert and nimble spirit of mirth. When you think of it, there is another description of Beatrice Lillie.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"BUT THEY WON'T LIE DOWN" (St. Thomas's, Regent Street).—Two well-intentioned modern morality plays. The best thing in the evening is Rodney Diak's performance of a helpful angel. (November 16.)

"THE TALK OF THE TOWN" (Adelphi).—Jimmy Edwards and Tony Hancock, either with each other—as in a lighthouse—or separately (one as a judge, the other as a crooner) keep their audience beguiled through most of an easy-running revue. It is the usual Adelphi compound of revue and vaudeville, but managed better than in the past, and distinguished by Mr. Hancock's unflattering idea of an American crooner. Even his "fans" appear, shrilling and squeaking in a deadly onslaught. Mr. Edwards is gayest with his thundering manifesto of a new political party, designed to see that Jim has a good time. (November 17.)

"AN EVENING WITH BEATRICE LILLIE" (Globe).—That means just what it says; I have elaborated it on this page. (November 24.)

A SHIPWRECK, AND AN EXPLOSION IN DOCK.



SHOWING THE Gaping hole caused by the detonation which resulted in death and injury for members of the crew; the Norwegian oil tanker *Olav Ringdal Junior* after the explosion in the empty No. 8 tank, in Swansea dock.



THE BREAKING IN TWO of the Liberian tanker *World Concord* off the Pembrokeshire coast on November 27; the St. David's lifeboat taking men from the stern half of the vessel. All thirty-five were rescued.



THE BOW PORTION of the tanker *World Concord* after she had broken in two and the two portions had collided with each other; the master and six of the crew were taken off by Rosslare lifeboat on November 28.

At the Queen's Dock, Swansea, at 4.40 a.m. on November 27 an explosion occurred in the empty No. 8 tank of the oil tanker *Olav Ringdal Junior* (9828 tons). Three men were scouring the tank; the body of one, seventeen-year-old Gerard Perrot, was blown to the bridge, and the other two are missing, presumed dead. Other members of the crew were injured; some being blown overboard—The Liberian tanker *World Concord* (20,125 tons) broke in two in heavy seas early on November 27 off the Pembrokeshire coast, and the two halves came into collision. Thirty-five of the crew were taken off the stern half by St. David's lifeboat. The master, Captain Athanassiou, and six of the crew were in the bow part, and after failing to secure a tow line from the tug *Turmoil*, were taken off by Rosslare lifeboat on November 28. It was hoped later to lift men aboard by helicopter, and secure a tow line.

HIGH-PRICED MODERN PAINTINGS.

Very high prices were realised at the sale of the collection of British and Foreign Modern pictures and drawings of the late Mr. W. Rees Jeffreys at Christie's on November 26, the whole collection of 127 lots realising a total of £56,344. The highest price, that of 6700 guineas, was given by the auctioneer, Sir Alec Martin, acting for the Tate Gallery, for Henri Matisse's portrait of his friend the painter Dérain, which Mr. Jeffreys bought in 1928 for £280. Only £900 of this sum was paid by the Tate, out of the Knapping Fund; the remainder came from the National Art-Collections Fund and the Contemporary Arts Society and private contributors.



"PORTRAIT OF DÉRAIN"; BY HENRI MATISSE. PAINTED AT COLLIURE IN 1904, PURCHASED FOR THE TATE GALLERY AT CHRISTIE'S FOR 6700 GUINEAS. THE LATE MR. W. REES JEFFREYS GAVE £280 FOR IT IN 1928.



"LA TRICOTEUSE" (THE WOMAN KNITTING); BY CHAIM SOUTINE, WHICH WAS SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S ON NOVEMBER 26 FOR 4500 GUINEAS. IN 1939 THE LATE MR. W. REES JEFFREYS GAVE £90 FOR THE WORK. (32 by 23½ ins.)

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE BALANCE IN NATURE AND IN OUR READING.

WHAT is a legend? There is no easy answer to the question, whatever the dictionaries may say to the contrary. Certainly in the field of natural history there is more than one kind. To many, an animal legend is somebody else's story of what he has seen a

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

New Naturalist Monographs; 15s.) : "It may be the prevalence of the hibernation theory that has led people to believe that vast hoards of nuts are commonly laid up by squirrels . . . but this is not a very usual practice of the British red squirrel . . . it accumulates a hoard in one place much more rarely than is supposed. . . . An appeal made for information about red squirrel food stores . . . brought many replies; but only a few of these gave convincing particulars. . . . A forester from Aberdeen told me he had never seen a red squirrel storing food . . ." This is an abridged version of Miss Shorten's account on pages 33-34 of her book. It is true that I was speaking of the grey squirrel and she is dealing with the red, but the principle is unaltered. And the belief must have ante-dated in this country the introduction of the grey. The squirrel's hoard is not an "impossible story" like that of the hedgehog and apples, etc., but like the notice of Mark Twain's death, it was grossly exaggerated. Yet nobody seems ever before to have questioned it.

Monica Shorten also deals with "the legend that for the greater part of the winter the squirrel remains snug and torpid in the nest . . ." It is surprising how many people believe that our squirrels, grey and red, hibernate. It is a perennial with certain types of so-called popular natural history writing. The belief dies very hard indeed, yet after any fall of snow the tracks of squirrels are as common as those of any other wild animal. In any case, snow or not, squirrels can be seen all the year round.

There is another idea, fast amounting almost to a legend: that the grey squirrel is vile—a tree-rat—and the red squirrel is virtuous. To this Miss Shorten replies: "I wish we could discontinue the practice of referring to this [the grey squirrel]

as the tree-rat. That name is already reserved for *Epimys raltus frugivorus*, the common rat of the Mediterranean and North Africa. If the American squirrel is unpopular let it be for the real reasons, and under its correct name." And on pages 38 and 39 she tells us what the red squirrel can and will do, and it seems to differ little from the crimes laid at the door of the grey.



HANGING BY ITS HIND FEET: A GREY SQUIRREL FEEDING. THE MOST IMPORTANT SOURCE OF FOOD FOR THE GREY SQUIRREL IS PROBABLY THE OAK; WHICH IS ALSO THE FAVOURITE NEST TREE.

Photograph by Martin Koritz.

particular animal do—if they have not seen the same thing themselves. In August and September of 1952 I dealt with several well-known and long-established legends on this page. There was the legend of the hedgehog carrying apples on its spines; the fox ridding itself of fleas by immersion in water, and so on. Since publishing these there has come in a steady dribble of evidence, mainly of eye-witness accounts sent in by letter. There have also been comments by zoologist friends. Legends of the kind indicated are accepted as truths by those who have witnessed, or claim to have witnessed, them. There are also those who believe in them because the weight of testimony is in favour of their acceptance. There is, however, no acceptance by the scientific world as a whole, the reason usually advanced being that these events have never been witnessed by a competent observer, which is normally intended to mean a professional zoologist.

Nobody looks upon it as a legend that a squirrel buries nuts and acorns. True, it is a belief of long standing, which is one of the ingredients of a legend, but in spite of that nobody disbelieves it. For some years now I have made a close study of the grey squirrels in this country. I have watched them at all seasons of the year, seen them in many moods, and have observed features of their behaviour not generally known. But I had never seen a wild squirrel burying nuts or acorns. So far as any evidence went that I could collect, the story of the squirrel burying food was a legend. It is believed in by many people, and has been for a long time; it is testified to by many layman friends; but professional zoologists to whom I spoke had to confess they had never seen it. The story showed, so far as I was concerned, the pattern typical of a legend. I did eventually see the phenomenon when I scattered a good pile of nuts in the garden and later watched a squirrel come in and bury the lot. Subsequently, too, I have met the occasional professional zoologist who has witnessed it in the wild; but these agreed it was the result of a lucky accident.

It was of interest, therefore, to read Monica Shorten in "Squirrels" (Collins'



"A SMALLER AND MORE TIMID SQUIRREL, AND CERTAINLY TO-DAY A LESS WELL-KNOWN ONE THAN THE GREY": A RED SQUIRREL WHOSE POINTED EARTUPTS LEND AN AIR OF SURPRISED ENQUIRY.

Photograph by M. S. Wood.

"Squirrels" is the most comprehensive book ever written on our squirrels, full of facts and figures, interesting and readable to a degree. Above all, it is balanced. In these days when propaganda for or against this or that is so easy, when extreme views are apt to flourish, it is refreshing to read the opening paragraphs of the author's preface and of the introduction: they are a masterpiece of restrained and balanced writing.

There is another recent book that compares very closely with "Squirrels." That is, "Some of My Animals," by Maxwell Knight (Bell; 10s. 6d.). Both have had good pre-publishing publicity, the one by the animals themselves, for squirrels have been much in the news for some years, and Maxwell Knight's by his own stories in his writings, broadcasts, lectures and films. Both are restrained in style: Maxwell Knight's especially so in the title, for the book contains stories of pet bears and bush-babies, frogs and toads, monkeys and lemurs, rats and mice, mongooses and squirrels, and many kinds of birds. There is a third comparison to be made, which I will mention later.

Although Maxwell Knight is writing of pets, and his many amusing adventures with them, he manages to include a good deal of scientific information, and, as usual, he conveys this in plain, straightforward language. The author is primarily concerned with animals as pets, with their care and treatment and their behaviour, all in a most readable conversational style. The important thing is, however, the balanced view he maintains throughout.

To-day, more than ever before, there is a need for maintaining, as far as we can under the artificial conditions spreading so rapidly across the globe, the natural balance. The first step towards a Balance in Nature, in these days when man has such powerful weapons for interference with it, is a balanced outlook. The balance must be in our own minds first. There is a growing need for more books of the kind that Monica Shorten and Maxwell Knight have given us



AT ABOUT SEVEN WEEKS OLD: YOUNG GREY SQUIRRELS WHICH AT THIS AGE BEGIN TO SAMPLE SOLID FOOD, ALTHOUGH CONTINUING TO BE FED BY THE MOTHER.

Photograph by the Forestry Commission.

The illustrations on this page are reproduced from the book "Squirrels," by Monica Shorten; by courtesy of the publisher, Collins.

ANIMAL CAMOUFLAGE.

A CORRESPONDENT, referring to the picture of an owl and the Caligo or Owl butterfly published in colour in our issue of September 25, draws attention to the weakness of the claim that the butterfly is "a harmless creature that mimics a fierce predatory one." He points out that the resemblance between them is coincidental, since the owl is nocturnal and the butterfly diurnal or crepuscular. Moreover, when at rest, the butterfly's wings are held together over the back so that only one spot is visible.

These are but two of the convincing arguments put forward by our correspondent, and we regret that we should have inadvertently misled our readers through a misinterpretation of the information supplied with what is undoubtedly an attractively posed picture.

THE YACHT RESEARCH COUNCIL'S FIRST TRIALS:
PIONEER WORK IN AID OF SPORT AND INDUSTRY.



EQUIPPED WITH INTRICATE SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS DESIGNED AND FITTED BY SAUNDERS-ROE, OF COWES; MR. OWEN AISHER'S INTERNATIONAL 5'5-METRE CLASS YACHT YEOMAN CLOSE-HAULED DURING TRIALS ON THE SOLENT.

THE YACHT RESEARCH COUNCIL (chairman, Lord Brabazon of Tara) celebrates its first birthday this week. It was founded with the object of restoring to British yachting its former rank in international competition, including Olympic Games, and of assisting the boat-building industry to increase export trade, by carrying out organised scientific research into the many complex problems connected with the design of hulls, spars, sails and rigging. The research programme was soon prepared, but it was not until Mr. Harry Ferguson had

(Continued below.)



SHOWING THE ANEMOMETER AND WINDVANE MOUNTED WELL AWAY FROM THE DISTURBING EFFECT OF HULL AND SAILS; YEOMAN DURING FIRST TRIALS OF THE YACHT RESEARCH COUNCIL.



ILLUSTRATING EQUIPMENT CARRIED BY YEOMAN DURING FIRST TRIALS OF THE YACHT RESEARCH COUNCIL; NEAR VIEWS OF SOME OF THE INSTRUMENTS.

The left and centre photographs show the bottom of the vertical shaft from Yeoman's bow, with the vane whose movement measures the angle of yaw (leeway), and the current meter; as the yacht moves, the cups of the latter rotate and their movements, like the angle of the vane to the fore-and-aft line

of the boat, are transmitted to instruments to be read on board. Our right-hand photograph illustrates the black dials presenting the angles of yaw (leeway) and rudder (l. and r.); the small white dial (centre) which shows the angle of fore-and-aft trim; and the large bottom one the angle of heel.



THE BOW OF YEOMAN; THE GEARING SYSTEM BY WHICH THE MOVEMENTS OF INSTRUMENTS ARE TRANSMITTED FOR READING ON BOARD IS IN THE BOX SHOWN.

(Continued.)

made a generous gift of £5000 that it could be put into operation. Mr. Owen Aisher offered his International 5'5-metre class Yeoman as a "trial horse"; and, equipped with intricate scientific instruments, she was subjected to the first full-scale performance trials stated ever to have been held in this country. During these, the first series of which was sailed recently in the Solent, accurate measurements were obtained of such factors as wind-speed and direction, speed



ON BOARD YEOMAN DURING TRIALS; THE HELMSMAN'S HAND CAN BE SEEN ON THE TILLER, AND THE OTHER TWO MEMBERS OF THE CREW ARE READING THE INSTRUMENTS.

through the water, angles of leeway, pitch and roll, rudder and boom, while the boat is sailed to windward under a variety of conditions. These measurements, when analysed and computed, will provide such exact and comprehensive information regarding the attitude of a yacht under close-hauled conditions as, it is claimed, has never been available before, to take the place of theories based on rule-of-thumb methods. Investigations into aspects of other Olympic classes will follow.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

AMONG the "New and Rare Plants" to be exhibited at R.H.S. Shows in 1928 and to receive the Award of Merit, was a small herbaceous species from Chile called *Triptilion*

spinosum. Growing about a foot high, it looked, roughly, like a small, wiry milfoil or yarrow (*Achillea millefolium*). Its finely-feathered leaves were armed with small, mild prickles, and its flowers were clear brilliant blue, with snow-white motifs. The plant made a small sensation among connoisseurs, but whether it was shown as a hardy outdoor or an almost hardy greenhouse plant, I can not remember. I lost no time in obtaining a specimen, which I grew in a pot in a sunny, unheated Alpine house. There it lived and flowered, but with rather a drawn expression, and in a somewhat reluctant, grudging mood. So it was planted in a choice sunny spot in the open, where it soon died. It is, of course, not fair to judge and condemn a plant on the evidence of failure with one single specimen. But I believe that most other gardeners at that time found *Triptilion spinosum* fussy and temperamental to grow, and not reliably hardy. As a result, it seemed never to take the permanent place in our gardens that its charm and brilliance might otherwise have insured it. Its 1928 appearance was not its first. Apparently, it was first introduced to this country in 1823 and, presumably, it failed to dig itself in then, just as it did a hundred years later.

Shortly after meeting *Triptilion* at the R.H.S. Hall, and entertaining it briefly and unsuccessfully in my garden, I found it growing wild whilst plant-collecting near Valparaiso, in its native Chile, but, unfortunately, was unable to secure any seed. I was there too early in the season.

But later, on that same expedition, I came upon another species of *Triptilion*, further south, in the neighbourhood of the Banios de Cauquenes. This was an annual, rather smaller and slighter in habit than the perennial *T. spinosum*, but with the same corymbs of brilliant blue-and-white flowers. It was a dainty, charming and potentially most valuable annual for English gardens, and the fact of its being an annual suggested that it would probably be easier to grow than its perennial cousin *spinosum*. My companion, Dr. Balfour Gourlay, agreed with me as to its beauty and possibilities, and together we hunted long and intensively for seed, but not a solitary one did we manage to find. So that enchanting little treasure has remained ever since on my *Wanted* list of good plants: plants which I have met and been unable to secure, or possessed and lost through my own ignorance, the plant's cussedness, or by just plain misadventure. But I still hope that seeds of my enchanting little blue-and-white annual *Triptilion* will blow in here-by post one morning. I have mentioned it to quite a number of likely and semi-likely friends. Perhaps some casual visitor, staying at the hotel attached to the famous mineral baths of Cauquenes, will pick up this copy of *The Illustrated London News* in one of the public rooms, and, reading my sad story, go out and gather a great store of seed of my *Triptilion* and post it to me, c/o the *I.L.N.* Thank you!

We found the Banios de Cauquenes a very pleasant place to stay at. The country round is rugged,

WANTED.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

mountainous and full of botanical interest. Each morning, before breakfast, one takes a bath in hot mineral water, followed by a tumblerful of not too distasteful hot mineral water. At the end of the three or four days that we stayed there, Gourlay and I felt fit for anything. If we had stayed a whole week there would have been no holding us!

and they were of a deeper, richer gold than usual. I never saw this seedless loquat anywhere else in Chile, and it struck me as being a most desirable form of that very pleasant fruit. It could, I suppose, be propagated either from cuttings or by grafting.

The loquat is an extremely handsome shrub, or small tree, with deeply-ribbed, dark glossy-green leaves, about 1 ft. long and 6 ins. wide. Although it seldom ripens fruit in this country, it does extremely well in such warm climates as those of Cornwall and the west coast of Scotland. Elsewhere it requires the shelter of a wall. At Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, I had a good specimen growing as a 6-ft. standard in a sheltered corner of a garden, which I had for a few years.

It is sad to think of the many good plants that I have met during my life, plants which, for one reason or another, I have been unable to acquire. Or sometimes it has been a case of acquiring a good plant and then, quite soon, losing it irrevocably.

There was another plant which I saw in Chile, but of which there was no seed ripe. Gourlay and I were on the spot several weeks too early, and we were unable to return later for seed. Roots would have been hopeless.

It was growing in desolate-looking scree at an altitude of about 12,000 ft. in the Andes. It grew to a height of about 4 or 5 ins., with many flat, grey-green leaves. These were 2 or 3 ins. long, wide and spatulate or spoon-shaped at their ends. Close down above the leaves were the flowers, in a squat head. They were large for so dwarf a plant, about the size of *Alstræmeria ligtu*, and very much the same colour; that is, a soft, pure, clear almond-blossom pink. We took it at the time to be *Alstræmeria spathulata*, but the description given of that species in the "R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening" says, "flowers reddish, outer segments green-pointed, rose, inner segments with yellow blotches and red spots." No, our plant was no sort of gaudy nightmare of that kind. But there it grew in great profusion, so if you should happen to be that way, on the road which follows the trans-Andean Railway, far above Rio Blanco, and just before you come to the summit of the pass and the frontier between Chile and Argentina, at about 12,000 ft.—you can't miss it. And may you have the luck to find it in seed.

In Northern Spain, on my way up into the Cantabrian Alps just before the war, I found a curious and most striking form of St. Dabeoc's Heath, *Menziesia polifolia*. Instead of having the usual rather large, inflated bells, the flowers had become elongated into tubes about half-an-inch long. It was just an isolated specimen, a freak variety, but had great possibilities as a heath-garden plant. I dug it up with great care, packeted it in moss, and posted it off at once to my friend, W. J. Marchant, of Keeper's Hill Nursery, at Staplehill, in Dorset. Alas, it arrived utterly and completely dead. It had apparently spent

many, many *mañanas* in the Spanish post before embarking on the relatively short journey to England.

This summer a long-lost and much wanted plant returned to the fold. The true *Viola gracilis*, about whose loss to horticulture I wrote on this page some time ago. But that must be another story.



THE FRUITS OF THE LOQUAT, *ERIBOTRYA JAPONICA*, OF WHICH MR. ELLIOTT ONCE FOUND A SEEDLESS FORM IN CHILE. THE LOQUAT HAS EXTREMELY HANDSOME FOLIAGE; AND YOUNG PLANTS MAKE MOST ATTRACTIVE INDOOR PLANTS.

Photographs by R. A. Malby and Co.

There was another attractive plant at Cauquenes, news of which will, I hope, prove an irresistible magnet to draw you there (and don't forget the seeds). There was a small patio garden, entirely surrounded by the hotel, in the centre of which grew a loquat-tree,



"ITS FINELY-FEATHERED LEAVES WERE ARMED WITH SMALL, MILD PRICKLES, AND ITS FLOWERS WERE CLEAR BRILLIANT BLUE, WITH SNOW-WHITE MOTIFS": FLOWERING HEADS OF THE CHILEAN HERBACEOUS PLANT, *TRIPTILION SPINOSUM*, WHICH RECEIVED AN R.H.S. AWARD OF MERIT IN 1928, BUT HAS SINCE APPARENTLY DISAPPEARED FROM CULTIVATION.

Eriobotrya japonica. But it was no ordinary loquat. It was a seedless variety. Instead of the usual big brown central stones making up about half of the total bulk of each fruit, they were solid, juicy fruit right through. They were the usual size of ordinary loquats, that is, about as large as fairly large damsons,

BRITISH PRESS PICTURES OF THE YEAR: A SELECTION OF PRIZE-WINNERS.



"ROYAL NURSEMAIDS"; BY DAVID JOHNSON, "DAILY SKETCH," FROM HIS SECOND-PRIZE-WINNING PORTFOLIO; ALSO AWARDED SECOND PRIZE, ROYAL CATEGORY, BRITISH PRESS "PICTURES OF THE YEAR."



"ROYAL SALUTE; FULL SPEED AHEAD"; BY DAVID JOHNSON, "DAILY SKETCH," [PORTFOLIO]. SHIPS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET FIRING A TWENTY-ONE-GUN SALUTE TO THE QUEEN, MAY 1954



"SIR GORDON RICHARDS AWAITING THE AMBULANCE, JULY 10, 1954, SANDOWN"; BY A. V. SWAEBE, SOCIETY AND GENERAL PRESS AGENCY, AWARDED SECOND PRIZE IN THE NEWS CATEGORY.

Mr. Norman Robertson, High Commissioner for Canada, arranged to present the awards in the Seventh Annual British Press "Pictures of the Year" Competition sponsored by the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and the Institute of British Photographers, on December 1. Two hundred and ten Press photographers entered, with a total of 1500 pictures, and this year, for the first time, Commonwealth Press photographers, resident outside the United Kingdom, were eligible, no fewer than thirty-four taking advantage of the opportunity; and one, Mr. Sam Kai Faye, *Straits Times*, Singapore, winning the first prize, News Category. The competition is divided into a Portfolio Category, for which ten pictures must be submitted; and seven other categories, including the newly-instituted Royal one. Mr. David



"WAITER!"; BY DAVID JOHNSON, "DAILY SKETCH," SIMBA, THE SIAMESE CAT: FROM THE SECOND PRIZE-WINNING PORTFOLIO.



"AU REVOIR!"; SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AND SIR ANTHONY EDEN WAVING TO M. MENDÈS-FRANCE AT CHARTWELL ON AUGUST 23, 1954; BY DAVID JOHNSON, "DAILY SKETCH," PRIZE-WINNING PORTFOLIO.

Johnson, the *Daily Sketch*, won second prize in the Portfolio Section and was also second in the Royal Category with his "Royal Nursemaids," showing the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne with two Leading Stokers, asking them what was happening when the Queen received the Keys of Gibraltar. Mr. A. V. Swaebe, Society and General Press Agency, who at seventy-seven is the oldest photographer to win an award, took second prize in the News Category with his photograph of Sir Gordon Richards after the Queen's horse, *Abergeldie*, had thrown him at Sandown. The first prize for Portfolios was won by Mr. Douglas Miller, Keystone Press Agency. The 100 Best Pictures entered in the competition will be exhibited next year, at the Royal Exchange in March, and later throughout the country

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.


TO BE A TRUSTEE OF THE TATE GALLERY: MR. JOHN PIPER.

Mr. John Piper has been appointed a Trustee of the Tate Gallery in succession to Mr. Graham Sutherland. Mr. Piper was a Trustee of the Gallery, 1946-53, and is well known as a writer and stage-designer as well as a painter. He painted a series of water-colours of Windsor Castle commissioned by the Queen, 1941-42, and has been on the Arts Council art panel since 1952.


DIED ON NOVEMBER 23: SIR EDWARD KEELING.

Conservative M.P. for Twickenham since 1935, Sir Edward Keeling was sixty-six. Between 1937 and 1939 he was successively Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Under-Secretaries of State for Air, and for India; and since World War II, one of the most active back-benchers in the Government. He was Mayor of Westminster, 1945-46.


REPLACING MR. VYSHINSKY AT U.N.: MR. JACOB MALIK.

Mr. Malik, Soviet Ambassador to Great Britain, arrived in New York on November 24 to take the late Mr. Vyshinsky's place as head of the Soviet Delegation to the General Assembly of the United Nations. At the time of writing it is not known whether Mr. Malik would be transferred to New York to lead his country's delegation permanently.


APPOINTED A.D.C. TO THE QUEEN: ADMIRAL SIR G. RUSSELL.

Admiral Sir Guy Russell, Second Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Personnel since 1953, has been appointed First and Principal Naval Aide-de-Camp to the Queen in succession to Admiral Sir John Edelman. Admiral Russell was Flag Officer Commanding Second Cruiser Squadron, 1948-49; Admiral Commanding Reserves, 1949-51; and C-in-C, Far East Station, 1951-53.


TO BE JUDGE ADVOCATE-GENERAL: SIR FREDERICK GENTLE.

Sir Frederick Gentle, Q.C., has been appointed Judge Advocate-General of her Majesty's Forces in succession to Sir Henry MacGeagh, Q.C. Sir Frederick has been Vice-Judge Advocate-General since 1952. He was Chief Justice of Madras, 1947-48; Commissioner of Assize three times between 1948 and 1950; and Deputy Chairman, West Kent Quarter Sessions, since 1948.


RELEASED FROM PRISON IN PENNSYLVANIA: ALGER HISS.

Found guilty in 1950 of perjury in that he denied transmitting Government secrets to a Communist spy ring in the U.S.A. when serving as a senior State Department official, Alger Hiss was released from Lewisburg Penitentiary, Pennsylvania, on November 27, having gained a remission of his five-year sentence for good behaviour.


"THE PRIME MINISTER OF MIRTH," SIR GEORGE ROBEY, WHO DIED ON NOVEMBER 29, AGED EIGHTY-FIVE.

The great comedian Sir George Robey, whose expressive eyebrows were so famous, made his first appearance on the music-hall stage at Oxford in 1891, and in revue at the Alhambra, London, in 1916; and continued his activities in the theatre, music-hall, concerts, films and television almost to the time of his death.

DIED ON NOVEMBER 28: PROFESSOR ENRICO FERMI.

Professor Fermi, who had been Professor of Physics, Institute for Nuclear Studies, Chicago University, since 1946, was fifty-three. His work in the nuclear field has done much towards the harnessing of atomic energy and the development of the atomic bomb, and in 1938 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics.


THE ONLY SURVIVOR FROM THE WRECKED SOUTH GOODWIN LIGHTSHIP: MR. RONALD MURTON.

The only survivor from the *South Goodwin* lightship, wrecked on the Goodwin Sands on November 27, is Mr. Ronald Murton, a twenty-two-year-old Ministry of Agriculture research scientist, who was on board studying the migration of birds. He was rescued by a helicopter and taken to Ramsgate Hospital, where he is seen above.


CAPTAINS OF THE UNIVERSITY SOCCER TEAMS, DUE TO MEET AT WEMBLEY TO-DAY, DECEMBER 4.

Oxford will be led by H. W. Joynt (Bradfield and Trinity; left); and Cambridge by M. J. Pinner (Boston C.S. and Emmanuel).


RECEIVING A DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF MUSIC FROM THE EARL OF ATHLONE: MISS MARGOT FONTEYN.

At a ceremony at Senate House, London University, on November 28, the prima ballerina of Sadler's Wells, Miss Margot Fonteyn, received the honorary degree of D.Mus. from the Earl of Athlone, Chancellor of the University. Among others who received honorary degrees were Brigadier Sir John Hunt—LL.D. and Mr. G. Crowther, editor of *The Economist*—D.Sc.(Econ.).


IN LONDON TO VISIT HER FIANCE, PRINCE ALEXANDER OF YUGOSLAVIA (RIGHT): PRINCESS MARIA PIA OF SAVOY.

Princess Maria Pia is pictured above with her father, ex-King Umberto of Italy, and her fiancé, Prince Alexander, to whom she became engaged in September. The Princess arrived in London on November 24 to visit Prince Alexander, who works for a shipping firm in this country. The Royal pair plan to marry in February.


RIVAL RUGGER CAPTAINS IN THE INTER-UNIVERSITY MATCH TO BE PLAYED AT TWICKENHAM ON DECEMBER 7.

P. G. Johnstone (Hilton, S.A., and St. John's; left) will lead Oxford; and I. D. S. Beer (Whitgift and St. Catherine's) Cambridge.

ARCHAEOLOGY AS A BY-PRODUCT OF LAND RECLAMATION: MAGNIFICENT GRECO-ETRUSCAN REMAINS OF 2400 YEARS AGO RECOVERED FROM THE MUD OF LAKE COMACCHIO.

By PROFESSOR PAOLO ENRICO ARIAS, Director of the Spina excavations and Professor of Archaeology and the History of Classical Art at the University of Catania.

THE explorations which have aroused such interest this summer are linked up with those already carried out between 1922 and 1935 in the Trebba Valley, which is adjacent to the area where excavation is at present in progress. During that period about 1213 tombs were brought to light. In 1952 the first news reached responsible papers of clandestine excavations in a known area. As the Italian Government had planned to reclaim about 8000 acres of marshland, the archaeologists got in touch with the technicians to try to prevent what promised to be material of archaeological value becoming a victim of speculation. At the time, however, the area which was to be reclaimed was under 16 ins. of water, so that no self-respecting archaeologist would have ventured to carry out operations at the risk of turning himself into a diver! Only this year, after the construction of primary canals, together with secondary and tertiary ones, have the reclamation projects made it feasible to proceed with a reasonable amount of excavation in the muddy terrain of the Pega Valley.

It is known that the lake of Comacchio, which is about 75,000 acres in area, was formed as a result of shifting of the earth's surface, which took place in the Middle Ages. In antiquity the delta of the Po was in this region, but gradually became

decorated glass had been found, were to receive particular attention when the search for the dwellings of this ancient settlement in the Padana Valley was to be made. It is probable that below the Roman level there existed the Etruscan.

Not everyone believes that this city was Spina. The question continually arises as to what other people could have had the characteristics of this population, who, judging by the funereal remains, appear to have been partly Greek and partly Etruscan.

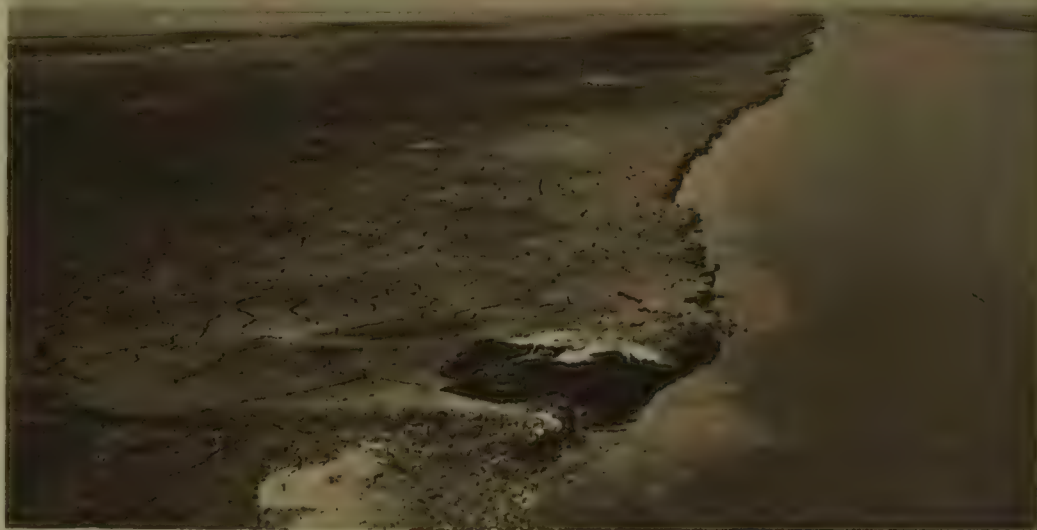


FIG. 1. A TYPICAL VIEW OF THE LAND WHICH IS BEING RECLAIMED NEAR COMACCHIO, SHOWING THE LEVELS OF MUD EMERGING BESIDE THE PEGA DRAINAGE CHANNEL. IN THESE NEW LEVELS LARGE NUMBERS OF GRECO-ETRUSCAN TOMBS ARE BEING FOUND.



FIG. 2. THE DISCOVERY OF TOMB NO. 106. THE SMALL VASES AND SEA-SHELLS INDICATE THAT THIS IS A CHILD'S TOMB. HERE ALSO WAS FOUND A TOY OF POTTERY IN THE FORM OF A FISH (FIG. 16).

displaced further north during the course of centuries. The ancients refer to the Po; first of all Polybius, then Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Strabo and Pliny, who mentions the Sagis, which must have been the (present-day) Po di Primaro or Reno. It is still possible to-day to make out the Etruscan shore, which corresponded near enough to the littoral cordon which crosses the Pega Valley.

But where was this mysterious Etruscan city, which has left such excellent burial-grounds, to be found? Many indications have led us to believe that we had to search not for just a single inhabited locality, but that there must have existed several centres at some distance from the burial-grounds, probably towards the causeways further to the west of the Etruscan shore. The places where Roman tiles, fragments of mosaics and

Also, the few Greek inscriptions and initials scratched on vases, the grave furniture, the Etruscan bronzes clearly confirm the mixed aspect of the city. From one quarter we now learn of a city of Spina of "Pelagic" (that is, prehistoric Greek) origin, and, on the other hand, we are told that this was a "Greek" city, it being maintained, in support of this, that the inhabitants dedicated a treasure in the sanctuary at Delphi. We believe that the settlements, of which traces certainly exist alongside the necropolis, will in time provide us with some considerable surprises in connection with the search for the ancient city.

The excavations carried out this summer and begun on July 21, have, however, only been concerned with the problem of the newly-discovered necropolis in the Pega Valley. During the early stages the water gave us a good deal of trouble. So as to be able to dig in comparatively dry conditions, we had to have recourse to special technical methods which have produced good results. When, at a depth of only 3 ft., water began to appear, we had a wooden rectangular caisson made, held together by means of hinges. Hardly had the area for digging been designated before the workmen reached a preliminary level of 2 ft., and, at the first signs of water, they placed the caisson into position so as to be able to dig inside the perimeter, where the mud was kept



FIG. 4. WHERE THE WATER AND LIQUID MUD FLOW AWAY TO REVEAL BEAUTIFUL AND SUPERBLY PRESERVED RED-FIGURE VASES OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.: TOMB NO. 113 AT THE THRILLING MOMENT OF DISCOVERY, WITH CRATERS AND OINOCHOES SHINING THROUGH THE MUD OF 2400 YEARS.

comparatively dry. The excavation offered a certain amount of difficulty, and only workmen accustomed to the marshes of Comacchio and the like could adapt themselves to it, although it was conducted with technical means perhaps unique in the Mediterranean classical world.

Up to September 30 more than 180 tombs had been explored and we anticipated that, given favourable weather, we should reach 300. The majority of the burials follow the practice of inhumation: the poorer ones, however, are the repositories of cremations—being very crude ossuaries covered by a lid, which probably contained the ashes of slaves and of humble retainers of the wealthier families (Fig. 3). The method used for finding the "grave furniture" was the same as that in use at Comacchio—that is, to test the sand with a sounding-iron about 5 ft. 10 ins. high. Whenever a prong came in contact with an object, it indicated the existence of a tomb. We have, however, learnt that by this method it was often

enough possible to leave out considerable areas: so we then adopted the system of trenching. The great majority of sepulchral material was deposited in the bare ground, but sometimes the dead were placed in wooden cases, from which a few large beams still remain.

Amongst the more characteristic tombs there belongs that of a boy (Fig. 2). On the left can be seen a cylindrical pyx, and in the centre a large number of sea-shells. A strange terracotta toy also came from this tomb: it is a sort of fish with a spherical body, its tail has been pierced and is hollow inside, and its face is half-human, half-simian (Fig. 16). Tomb No. 113 has a fine voluted vase, depicting Priam and his son Hector. By way of contrast, a poor tomb such as No. 103 has a number of



FIG. 3. THE TOMB OF A SLAVE OR POOR RETAINER REVEALED AMONG THE LIQUID MUD. IT CONSISTS OF A CRUDE OSSUARY FILLED WITH THE BURNED BONES AND WAS COVERED WITH A LID.

small plates and various unornamented vases, but in spite of the poverty of the equipment, these objects, which appeared in the mud, have a truly remarkable freshness.

There are numerous objects made of gold; a larger quantity in proportion to the number of tombs than in the Trebba Valley. Hardly a day passes without some ear-rings being discovered. These are, for the most part, hollow and decorated at the tip with the head of Achelous or with the head of a lion. Among the golden wares special mention should be made of the following: a gold diadem, 11 ins. long, weighing about $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., decorated with small rosettes and human masks in relief, and also, at each end, with a very elegant image of an archer on horseback; [Continued overleaf.]



FIG. 5. (LEFT.) AN ELEGANT KYPHOS (TWO-HANDLED DRINKING CUP), SHOWING EROS IN CONVERSATION WITH A SEATED MAIDEN. ON THE SHOULDER ARE VY LEAVES, ASSOCIATED ALWAYS WITH THE GOD OF WINE. ABOUT THE END OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.



FIG. 9. A WINE-POURER, OR OINOCHOE, SHOWING A COMBAT BETWEEN GREEK WARRIORS. IT CAN BE DATED FAIRLY CLOSELY TO 430 TO 420 B.C.



FIG. 13. A LARGE TWO-HANDLED BOWL, DATING FROM ABOUT 460 B.C., IN WHICH A DEITY INTERVENES IN THE PURSUIT OF A WOMAN BY AN ARMED WARRIOR, WHO HAS DROPPED HIS WOOD.

Continued from previous page.

a circular brooch (Fig. 7) of gold, weighing 1 oz., decorated all round with lotus flowers and filigreed globules and a medallion in the centre with a head showing two profiles separated from the rest by a band of densely-packed grains of gold, which give it the appearance of being opaque. This is an amazing work of art clearly influenced by the East, and dating, perhaps, from the end of the sixth century B.C. The terracotta dolls (Fig. 15), with their arms and legs articulated, are unusual. Among the very numerous bronzes are twelve chandeliers (candelabra), almost all of them decorated with statues dating from the end of the fifth century B.C. (Fig. 14). An example of one of these is a group showing Hermes placing his arm on a woman's shoulder; this depicts Hermes Psychopompus, taking with him the soul of the dead woman. Amongst the vases are some very remarkable wine vessels dating from 430-420 B.C., and representing a struggle between warriors (Fig. 9) or Polyneices offering the necklace of Harmony to Eriphyle (Fig. 12), while a small bowl, showing an ephebe reclining on a couch playing a cithara, has a certain air of elegance about it. Also worthy of mention are another bowl showing a woman being pursued (circa 460 B.C.) (Fig. 13), a bowl with Hephaistos returning to Olympus accompanied by Dionysus (Fig. 17), and an elegant skyphos (cup) showing a woman in conversation with Eros (Fig. 5). An unusual scene is depicted on a kylix (drinking vessel) showing an unfamiliar Apollo with horse's ears in

(Continued opposite.)

RECOVERED FROM THE COMACCHIO: NOBLE FROM AN ETRUSCAN THAT OF THE LOST

FIG. 6. (LEFT.) ONE OF A PAIR OF PLATES SHOWING NEARLY IDENTICAL DESIGNS OF FISH AND SQUIDS. SUCH PLATES ARE NOT UNCOMMON IN THIS NECROPOLIS. THE LARGER FISH, AND THAT IN THE CENTRAL SPACE, WOULD SEEM TO BE SOMEWHAT STYLISED VERSIONS OF THE JOHN DORY.



FIG. 10. (ABOVE.) A NOBLE AND VERY LARGE VASE—1 FT. 7 IN. (1.10 M.) HIGH, WITH SEPARATE BASE. THIS SIDE SHOWS (ON THE NECK) HERACLES AND THE BOAR OF CALYDON; AND (BELOW) THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE CENTAURS AND THE LAPITHES.



FIG. 14. MALE AND FEMALE DANCERS (FLESH-SCRAPERS) IN HIS LEFT HAND, ORIGINALLY PART OF THE DECORATION OF A CANDELABRUM. IN ALL, TWELVE SEPARATE CANDELABRA

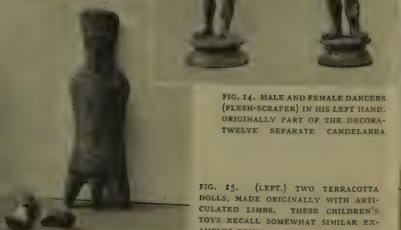


FIG. 15. (LEFT.) TWO TERRACOTTA DOLLS, MADE ORIGINALLY WITH ARTICULATED LIMBS. THESE CHILDREN'S TOYS RECALL SOMEWHAT SIMILAR EXAMPLERS FOUND RECENTLY AT PESTUM.

LIQUID MUD OF LAKE 5TH-CENTURY VASES NECROPOLIS, PERHAPS CITY OF SPINA.

FIG. 7. (RIGHT.) A MAGNIFICENT GOLD MEDALLION ABOUT 4 1/2 INS. (12 CMS.) IN DIAMETER FROM TOMB 88, OF EASTERN ORIGIN OR INFLUENCE. THE BAND SURROUNDING THE JANUS-PROFILES IS OF CLOSELY-PACKED GRAINS OF GOLD, THE OUTER BORDER BEING OF ALTERNATING BOSSES AND LOTUS BLOSSOMS.



FIG. 8. (RIGHT.) POSSIBLY A SCENE FROM A COMEDY: SILENUS, DISGUISED AS APOLLO, PLAYS THE CITHARA TO DIONYSOS (ON THE RIGHT), WHO BEARS THE THYRSOS AND WINE-CUT, AND HERMES, WHO WEARS THE WINGED CAP AND SANDALS.

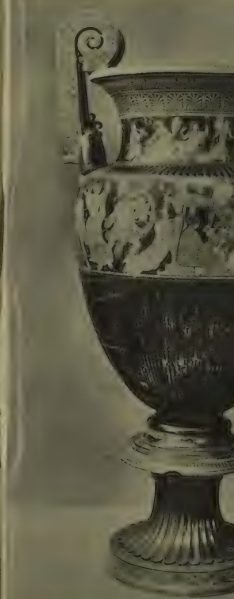


FIG. 11. (ABOVE.) THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MAGNIFICENT FLUTED VASE SHOWN IN FIG. 10. HERE THE SCENES REPRESENTED ARE: (ON THE NECK) AN ORGASTIC DANCE OF MENADES BEFORE DIONYSUS; AND (BELOW) THE DEATHS OF PRIAM AND CASSANDRA.



FIG. 16. (RIGHT.) PROBABLY A CHILD'S RATTLE, MADE IN THE FORM OF A DISMEMBERED FISH. IT IS HOLLOW AND THE TAIL IS PIERCED. THE PEEK IS HALF-HUMAN, HALF-SIMIAN.

the presence of Dionysus and Heracles, who are seated. He is evidently Silenus in disguise (Fig. 9). Also two fish-plates, which are now frequently found in the burial-grounds of Spina, and displaying a certain degree of novelty in the type of fish portrayed (Fig. 6). The most splendid of the tombs discovered so far is the one marked No. 136. Besides eleven bronze vases of various sizes and two majestic candelabra, the tomb contained an excellent voluted vase, 3 1/2 ft. high and most effectively decorated (Fig. 10, 11). The vase is furnished with a rare base, designed separately and intact. Some scenes are depicted (on the other hand) on the shoulder of the vase and on the neck. On one side is portrayed the fight between the Centaurs and the Lapithae, on the other the murder of Priam and of Cassandra. On the neck is shown an orgiastic dance in the presence of Dionysus, and on the other side the struggle between Heracles and the wild boar of Calydon. The decorations on the handles are also of the greatest elegance, with the complicated gyrations of the palm-trees entwined with bell-shaped flowers. These are the work of a potter of the first half of the fourth century B.C., whose style is closely allied to that of Meidias, as can be seen in the figure of the woman carrying a small boy, seated near the altar of Priam. As an outstanding product of Hellenic pottery, this vase fully deserves its place in the Museo Archeologico at Ferrara, which can be said to house a vast proportion of the Greek pottery of the time of Phidias and later.



FIG. 12. A WINE-POURER, PORTRAYING POLYNEICES OFFERING THE NECKLACE OF HARMONY TO ERIPHYLE. 420-410 B.C.



FIG. 17. A NOBLE TWO-HANDLED VASE SHOWING THE RETURN OF HEPHAISTOS TO OLYMPUS, MOUNTED, AND FOLLOWED AND PRECEDED BY SATYRS. THIS CAN BE DATED TO ABOUT 440 B.C.

GROWING ON TREES AND IN THE FIELDS: SOME OF THE MANY EDIBLE FUNGI TO BE FOUND IN THE BRITISH ISLES.



SHOWING A VERY RARE BRITISH FUNGUS GROWING *IN VITRO*: THE BEAR'S TOOTH FUNGUS (*HIERACIUM CORALLOIDES*). IT GROWS ON ROTTEN LOGS, PREFERABLY BEECH, AND FORMS PURE WHITE TUTTS. THE THICK STEM DIVIDES INTO LONG, GRACEFUL BRANCHES BEARING BUNCHES OF FRESH, AWL-SHAPED SPINES.



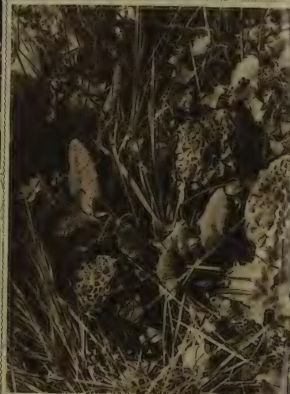
MYCENA GALERICULATA, ONE OF THE COMMONEST OF ABOUT SEVENTY SPECIES OF *MYCENA*. MOST OF THEM ARE SMALL, WITH A DELICATE CONICAL OR BELL-SHAPED CAP. THIS FUNGUS, WHICH IS EDIBLE, GROWS CLOSELY CLUSTERED ON TREE-STEMS, BUT SOME SPECIES GROW ON LEAVES AND SOME ON THE GROUND.



ONE OF THE LARGEST AND BEST OF OUR EDIBLE MUSHROOMS OCCURRING IN AUTUMN IN CLEARINGS IN WOODS. THE CAP, OFTEN ABOUT 5 INS. IN DIAMETER, IS



COMMON. THE PARASOL MUSHROOM (*LEPIOTA PICEA*) SOMETIMES IN PASTURES, BUT ALWAYS NEAR TREES. BROWN AND COVERED WITH SHAGGY SCALES.



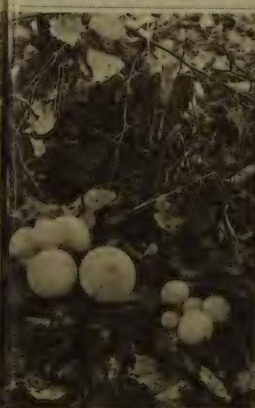
DELICIOUS WHEN STUFFED WITH MEAT OR A VEGETABLE FILLING. THESE MUSHROOMS OCCUR IN THE SPRING ON ROADSIDES, THE BROWN, HONEYCOMBED CAP



IS VERY FIRM: THE MOREL (*MORCHELLA RACEMOSA*) IN CLEARINGS IN WOODS AND ON BANKS AND IN WHITE GROOVED STEM ARE HOLLOW.



THE COMMONEST OF THE BRITISH SPECIES: THE SNOW-WHITE WHEN YOUNG AND IN THE SPRING AND LIGHTLY TOSSED IN BUTTER.



COMMON PUFF-BALL (*LYOPERDON PERLATUM*). THIS IS VERY GOOD TO EAT IF THINLY SLICED WHEN AGE IT TURNS BROWN.

"ONE OF THE GREATEST Dainties THE EARTH AFFORDS": MUSHROOMS AND OTHER FUNGI WHICH ARE GOOD TO EAT.



ANOTHER PICTURE OF THE BEAUTIFUL BEAR'S TOOTH FUNGUS, SHOWING THE THICK STEM WHICH DIVIDES INTO INTERTWINGING BRANCHES, WITH BUNCHES OF SPINES HANGING FROM THEIR LOWER SURFACE. IN THIS PORTION OF THE PLANT THE SPINES ARE ABOUT 1 IN. LONG.



A WELL-KNOWN EDIBLE FUNGUS: THE OYSTER MUSHROOM (*PLEUROTES OSTREATUS*) GENERALLY FOUND AT THE BASE OF TREE-TRUNKS IN CLUSTERED, OVERLAPPING MASSES. WHEN YOUNG, THE CAP, THICK AND FAN-SHAPED, IS USUALLY DARK BROWN, LATER BECOMING SLATE-BLUE, PALE GREY OR FAWN.

Continued—cooking, the Cep Mushroom (*Boletus edulis*), to name only a few, are eaten with great relish. In Britain, however, the fungus most usually prepared for the table is the Field Mushroom (*Psalliota campestris*), the common wild mushroom of pastures and old lawns. But, as can be seen from the photographs we reproduce on these pages, there are many others equally as delicious. *Lepiota picea*, one of the group of edible Parasol Mushrooms, is perhaps the best of them, and is found near trees, often forming large circles in the grass. Few people would think of eating the Common Puff-ball, the most common species in the British Isles. Yet, if gathered when young, thinly-sliced and lightly fried in butter, it is very palatable. The hollow cap and stem of the Morel, a springtime mushroom, can be very tasty if stuffed with meat. Finally, the rare and beautiful Bear's Tooth fungus and the well-known Oyster mushroom, which grows on the base of tree-trunks in clustered masses, are both delectable dishes when prepared for the table.

TO many people the words "edible fungi" conjure up a vision of mushrooms and toadstools. Mushrooms, they know, are delicious to eat in many ways. But toadstools... beware of toadstools, for they are deadly poisonous! Since World War II, however, the British public appears to have become more "fungus-conscious," judging by the many books by well-known mycologists which have been published on the subject of fungi. Perhaps one of the main reasons for this was the discovery of *Penicillium notatum*, a green mould of very common type, from which the valuable, anti-bacterial substance known as penicillin is produced. Nevertheless, the general belief still persists in this country that only one, or at the most only a very few, species of fungus is safe to eat. In fact, there are hundreds of edible fungi and only a dozen or so which can be described as at all harmful. On the Continent, and especially in France, the fungus is considered a gastronomic delight, and truffles from Périgord and Piedmont; and the renowned *côtes de France*—*Continued opposite*.

IN this year's batch of children's books I must once more give the palm to Miss Patricia Lynch's annual contribution. This is *BROGEE AND THE BRONZE LIZARD* (Burke; 8s. 6d.). Followers of the adventures of Brogeen will recall that he is one of "the little people" of Ireland, and a delightful and helpful little fairy he is. In this case he is sent for by the Queen of the Fairies in the Fort of Sheen and given the task of tracing and defeating a terrifying creature which is terrorising all the mortals in the kingdom. His adventures in pursuit of his quest are as charmingly told as ever and will win for Miss Lynch, and not least for Brogeen, a new host of admirers, which will not, I think, be restricted entirely to the young in years.

The current boom in all things "horsey" (which by a curious quirk of fate takes place at a time when the horse as a farm animal, as a draught animal and as a means of transport is becoming obsolete) is reflected in a number of books. Of these, one, *THE HORSE AND HIS BOY* (Bles; 10s. 6d.), comes from the distinguished pen of Mr. C. S. Lewis. It is definitely a story for older children, but this delightful tale of adventure is an ancient Eastern one and should stimulate any young imagination. I put it in the same class as the admirable book of fairy stories produced by Mr. J. B. Morton ("Beachcomber," of the *Daily Express*) before the war which I should dearly like to see reprinted. A story which should be extremely popular with the young entry in Pony Clubs is *ONE DAY EVENT*, by Josephine Pulein-Thompson (Collins; 8s. 6d.). In point of fact, it conveys instruction painlessly by the device of the story. Major Holbrooke, who runs a Pony Club, has an accident and Henry Thornton (with whom readers of Miss Pulein-Thompson's books will be familiar) takes over the running of the Major's big stable. With his friends they find that really having to get down to the business of horse management results in a remarkable improvement in their riding. As I say, this is a most helpful instructional book and the pill is pleasantly gilded for the reader. Again for the older child and for those interested in horses is *BLUE-BIRD*, by D. V. S. Jackson (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). This is the story of a girl who takes a job at a riding academy and the fiercely uncontrollable horse which she conquered. There is a pleasant little love-story woven into the plot. A wholly delightful book is *APRIL FOOLS*, by Judith Masefield (Collins; 8s. 6d.). This is the story of a boy and a girl who plan to run their own circus when they go down to the country in the holidays. The central feature is *Pluto* the dogkey and a delightfully unmanageable billy-goat. Everything goes wrong when the performance finally takes place, but the resulting knock-about comedy is charming. Charming, too, is *MR. TWINK TAKES CHARGE*, by Freda Hurt (Epworth Press; 6s.). Those who are familiar with the earlier adventures of *Mr. Twink* will remember that he is a black cat with remarkable powers of detection. In this new book (excellently illustrated by Nina Scott-Langley) Mr. Twink is called in when a circus comes to the village and throws the village into some confusion. *Sergeant Boffer*, the dog whose job it is to maintain law and order in the village, proves as stolidly unimaginative and inefficient as his human counterparts in grown-up detective stories. However, *Mr. Twink*, as usual, solves all problems and even brings about the reformation of *Captain Jake*, the disreputable cat with the Irish accent. The book is exceedingly well-written and shows a profound knowledge of animals and their ways.

Three books with a pleasant family background are the *BELL FAMILY*, by Noel Streatfeild (Collins; 10s. 6d.), *PUNCHBOWL HARVEST*, by Monica Edwards (Collins; 8s. 6d.), and *THE NEGRO'S RING*, by Philip Scott (Hutchinson; 6s.). Anything from the pen of

A Christmas Hamper of Books for Children.

Reviewed by E. D. O'BRIEN.

Noel Streatfeild is sure to be a winner, and the "Bell Family," which has been on Children's Hour for four years, is sure of a wide reading audience. Paul and Jane, Ginnie and Angus, their parents and dog are

are the Thornton family, who are once more down again at Punchbowl Farm. Like the Bell family, they appeal by their very ordinariness. Much of the book is a pleasant chronicle of life on a farm, but there is an exciting and unusual twist to the end of the book which I shall not reveal. "The Negro's Ring" is as exciting a story of a modern treasure-hunt placed in the setting of a summer holiday in an old castle on the Welsh coast as one could wish. I recommend it without hesitation.

Another adventure story in which readers will recognise old friends is *BRANDY GOES A-CRUISE*, by Roderic Graeme (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). Cadet Brandy is a would-be merchant navy officer who I have no doubt in some later book will be confirmed in his rank. He gets into and causes so much trouble, however, that it will be a miracle if he makes it. The story of his adventures and tribulations is highly amusing, and the background of the sea and the mariners upon it is excellently done.

A fast-moving thriller is *DESPERATE JOURNEY*, by Henry Treece (Faber; 10s. 6d.). This story is quite sufficiently well-constructed and exciting for grown-ups as well. Incidentally, Mr. Treece produces three of the finest villains in the ex-gangster from Chicago, the Indian rope-killer and the Portuguese expert with a stiletto that I have come across in a very long time.

At this time of the year when thoughts of so many are turning towards the Alps, *DANGER MOUNTAIN*, by Patrick Pringle (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), will have a special appeal. This is an adventure story, but set in the high Alps by one who can not only write but, from internal evidence, also knows how to ski.

An excellent historical adventure is *JOHN SMITH OF VIRGINIA*, by Ronald Syme (Hodder and Stoughton; 6s. 6d.). Although the title is a little misleading (as the bulk of the book is about the adventures in the early seventeenth century of a young man who set off to fight the Turks), the period which deals with his adventures in Virginia is equally satisfying. A historical novel which deals with an earlier period is *QUEEN'S TREASON*, by Philip Rush (Collins; 8s. 6d.). Although it is in fictional form, this story of the revolt of Queen Isabella against Edward II. follows closely on the known historical facts. Hollywood might take note that it is not necessary to contort the facts of history to obtain an exciting result.

All lovers of the theatre will be delighted with *THE CONTI STORY*, by Joan Selby-Lowndes (Collins; 8s. 6d.). At this time of the year many a child actor, many a child dancer, will be appearing on the stage by permission of the Italia Conti School. And all over the country there will be famous actors and actresses who have passed through the hands of this remarkable woman. The British stage is indeed indebted to her as the public will be to Miss Selby-Lowndes for telling Miss Conti's story so faithfully and so well.

LION BOY, by Ronald Clarke (Phoenix; 6s.), is the story of Cedric Crosfield, the boy who wants to become a lion-tamer. It is an exciting glimpse of the inside of a lion-tamer's life, and the photographs are excellent. It does not, however, make me feel that I have missed my vocation.

For the younger musician there is a remarkable book, *THE OXFORD JUNIOR COMPANION TO MUSIC*, by Percy A. Scholes (Oxford University Press; 35s.). Dr. Scholes claims it as the first dictionary of music specifically compiled for the young. It solves one Christmas present problem for those with musically-minded young.

Children's Books: A Christmas Suggestions List.

BOOKS FOR BOYS

"Winning His Spurs"; "The Young Buglers," by G. A. Henty (Latimer House; 6s. each). "The Three Pebbles," by Richard Parker; "Richard and the Golden Horse Shoe," by Violet Needham (Collins; 8s. 6d. each). "Jungle John," by John Budden (Longmans; 10s. 6d.). "A Spy at Monks' Court," by Trevor Burgess; "Operation Treasure Trove," by Eric Leyland; "Jolly Roger Buccaneer," by Eric Leyland (7s. 6d.; 6s.; 5s.; all Hutchinson). "Doctor Bombard Goes to Sea," by Alain Bombard (André Deutsch; 6s.). "The Cowboy Christmas," by Cecil Broadhurst (Blandford Press; 3s. 6d.).

BOOKS FOR GIRLS

"Margaret Finds a Future"; "New Schools for Old," both by Mabel Esther Allan (7s. 6d.; 6s.; Hutchinson). "Rosina Copper," by Kitty Barne (Evans Bros.; 9s. 6d.). "Molly-O," by H. Lane-Joynt (Faber; 6s. 6d.).

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

"Nonsense Songs," by Edward Lear, illustrated by L. Leslie Brooke (Warne; 10s. 6d.). "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, and Through the Looking Glass," by Lewis Carroll, illustrated by Mervyn Peake (Wingate; 12s. 6d.). "Graeme and the Dragon," by Naomi Mitchison; "Carrigmore Castle," by Meta Mayne Reid (Faber; 9s. 6d.; 8s. 6d.). "Windruff of Links Tor," by Joseph E. Chipperfield; "Boomer," by Denis Clark; "The Proudest Llama," by Brian Fawcett; "The Curse of the Claw," by Isobel St. Vincent (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.; 8s. 6d.; 7s. 6d.; 6s.). "The Book of Ralf," by Phillis Garrard (Bell; 9s. 6d.). "A Cage of Falcons," by Philip Rush (Collins; 8s. 6d.). "Red Indian Tales," by Jaime de Angulo (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.). "Mrs. McNab Goes West," by J. G. Lockhart (Bles; 7s. 6d.). "The King of the Creek and Other Stories," by Evelyn Roberts (British and Foreign Bible Society; 3s. 6d.). "My Squirrels," by Frances Pitt (Country Life; 8s. 6d.). "A Deer in the Family," by John Hartmann (Michael Joseph; 5s.). "Belinda the Bush Baby," by George and Sheila Cansdale (James Barrie; 8s. 6d.). "Commonwealth and Empire Annual" (Gawthorne Press; 15s.).

BOOKS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

"Tobias" and "Tobias Two," by Magdalen Eldon (2s. each); "All Through the Night," by Rachel Field (2s. 6d.); "Little Grey Rabbit Goes to Sea," by Alison Uttley (3s. 6d.); "Two From a Tea-Pot," by Racey Helps (3s. 6d.); "Ethelbert: The Tale of a Tiger," by Rosemary Hoyland (7s. 6d.), all published by Collins. "The Little Parrot," by Dorothy Craigie; "The Tiger Who Couldn't Eat Meat," by Nancy Spain (Parrish; 7s. 6d.; 6s.). "The Fantastic Tale of the Plucky Sailor and the Postage Stamp," by Stephen Corrin (Faber; 6s.). "Michael the Colt," by Katharine K. Garbutt (Hale; 3s. 6d.). "Misty and the Magic Necklace," by Grace Lodge (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). "Susie Saucer and Ronnie Rocket," by Stella Clair (Werner Laurie; 6s.). "Hopalong Cassidy: Stories No. 2," by Edmond Collier (Adprint; 5s.). "The Laughing Kitten," by Enid Blyton, with photographs by Paul Kaye (Harvill Press; 6s.).

ESPECIALLY PICTORIAL

"The Story of Mr. Korah," by Christobel Aberconway, illustrated by Rex Whistler (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.). "The Two Little Bears," photographs by Ylla (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.). "Christine the Baby Chimp," by Lilo Hess (Bell; 10s. 6d.).

HOBBIES, PASTIMES AND MISCELLANEOUS

"Your Book of Carpentry," by Roger Lewis and C. W. Shute (5s. 6d.); "Your Gardening Book," by Cyril Cowell (5s. 6d.); "Your Book of Photography," by William Gottlieb (5s. 6d.). "Judy's and Andrew's Book of Bees," by Muriel Goaman (6s. 6d.); "The Story of Peter Tschakowsky," by Opal Wheeler (12s. 6d.), all published by Faber. "Suzanne Goes to Market" and "Suzanne Goes to Brittany," by Grace Matchett (story in English and French), illustrated by G. S. Fletcher (Harrap; 6s. 6d. each). "Adventure of the World," by James Fisher (Rathbone; 10s. 6d.); "Men Who Shape the Future," by Egon Larsen (Phoenix House; 12s. 6d.). "The Story of People: Anthropology for Young People," by May Edel (Bodley Head; 12s. 6d.). "The Boy's Book of Space," by Patrick Moore (Burke; 7s. 6d.). "The World in Pictures: Vol. I.—Mountains and Valleys; Vol. II.—Icebergs and Jungles," by Shirley Carpenter and Marie Neurath (Rathbone; 4s. 6d. each).

so familiar to listeners that finding their doings in book form will make the reader feel that he or she is among old friends. This book, which is a new story and not just "the book of the serial," is full of the gentle excitements which make the Bell family so appealing because the reader feels that it might well be his or her own. Another lot of old friends

THE FILMING OF "RICHARD III": SCENES FROM OLIVIER'S LATEST SHAKESPEARE PRODUCTION.



"GO, GENTLEMEN, EVERY MAN UNTO HIS CHARGE": RICHARD III. (LAURENCE OLIVIER) EXHORTS HIS SOLDIERS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH FIELD.



"GOD SAVE KING EDWARD IV.": THE NOBLES SALUTE THEIR NEW KING, EDWARD IV (CEDRIC HARDWICKE), IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



RICHARD III. (LAURENCE OLIVIER) TESTS THE LOYALTY OF BUCKINGHAM (RALPH RICHARDSON) BY SUGGESTING THAT HE SHOULD CONSPIRE IN THE MURDER OF THE YOUNG PRINCES.



HASTINGS (ALEC CLUNES), NEWLY-DELIVERED FROM IMPRISONMENT, GREETES RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM AND CATESBY (NORMAN WOOLAND).



"NOW IS THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT . . .": RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (LAURENCE OLIVIER), BROODS OVER THE VICTORY OF THE HOUSE OF YORK.



AT THE HEIGHT OF THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH FIELD: RICHARD III. (LAURENCE OLIVIER) PREPARES TO ENGAGE HENRY TUDOR, EARL OF RICHMOND, IN SINGLE COMBAT.

The filming of "Richard III.," Sir Laurence Olivier's latest Shakespearean screen production, started with a six-weeks location in Spain, necessitated by the search for the good weather which was unobtainable in England. The sequences of the Battle of Bosworth Field were made in Spain, then the cast returned to this country, where they had a fortnight's rehearsing before the shooting of the film started at Shepperton Studios. The film, in which Sir Laurence Olivier once again acts in

the threefold capacity of producer, director and principal player in the title-rôle, will probably be finished in the middle of January, but is not likely to be seen by the public until next autumn. The distinguished cast includes Sir John Gielgud, Sir Ralph Richardson, Mr. Alec Clunes, Miss Claire Bloom, Miss Pamela Brown, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Miss Helen Haye and Mr. Esmond Knight. The film is being made in Vistavision and in Eastman Colour.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE CONSERVATIVE ENGLISH.

By FRANK DAVIS.

been, and is being done to-day, when we are so often informed that the old crafts are dying out. That may be true in some cases, but decidedly not in glass manufacture. All the same, as a collector's piece, this is something out of the ordinary; a commemorative goblet of Newcastle glass, wheel-engraved in Holland,

decorative knops. Many will perhaps consider the design too slender and finicky; if they do, they will be the authentic heirs of their ancestors of the beginning of the eighteenth century, whose notion of what a glass should be can be summed up in a single piece, that of Fig. 4—as good an example as any, I would

I FIND that a prejudice against engraving upon glass remains with me, in spite of much excellent modern work both here, in America, and across the Channel and the North Sea. A glass vessel lasts a long time, and somehow I soon become bored with an inscription or a coat-of-arms or a landscape upon it, though I am sure there is much to be said, if you have just built a nice house, for having the place engraved upon your brandy glasses as well as painted on canvas and hung up in the hall. There is something so fine about the clear metal, something so magical about its method of manufacture and its behaviour under differing conditions of light, that I don't at all like to regard it as a sort of drawing-board for somebody's bright ideas. Poor quality glass, like the seventeenth-century pre-Ravenscroft glass illustrated on this page on Nov. 13, can be actually improved by discreet engraving; I admit that, but I still hold that fine glass is better without such treatment—it should exist by virtue of its glassiness, and by its refraction of light.

Having written thus, my reason tells me I'm writing nonsense, and I'm the more annoyed with myself for succumbing to this prejudice, because it was a prejudice propagated with typical eloquence, and I believe for the wrong reasons, together with several other prejudices, by John Ruskin, and I hate to find myself batting on the same side. That bominating genius condemned both cutting and engraving as barbarous, on the ground that both treatments ignored the essential quality of the metal, that is its ductility. But while the molten metal is ductile and, when hot, can be blown and moulded into almost any shape, when cold it surely changes its character and can, from that point of view, be said to lend itself to engraving or cutting, like marble or jade.

If this objection to Ruskin's dictum is acceptable, it follows that whatever treatment you give to glass is praiseworthy, provided your shapes are comely, you have a clear perception of the subtle ways in which it responds to light, and are blessed with a sensitive eye. Thus cutting—not the deep, coarse cutting of ordinary cheapjack commerce, but the shallow cutting of the late eighteenth century and of the best of the modern manufacturers—enhances the light refraction and provides a thousand sparkling facets. Engraving seems to me—and here I'm back to my prejudices—a more chancy decorative method; not more difficult than cutting, which requires extreme dexterity, but much more likely to end in banality. I'm not suggesting that the use of the lapidary's wheel does not require an angelic nicety of touch—it surely does—but that the design itself has to be carefully adjusted to the shape of the vessel—bowl, or goblet, or whatever it is—and that a man has to be more than ordinarily gifted to produce a really satisfactory result. However, I don't ask anyone to share my views, which are not of the least importance; I merely put before you this rare eighteenth-century engraved goblet (Fig. 5) which was recently in a Sotheby sale—an important and interesting specimen, and express the wish that the Dutchman who engraved it had exercised a little more finesse. Believe me, much finer work has



FIG. 1. A TALL "RATAFIA" GLASS, WITH SMALL FUNNEL BOWL, SPIRALLY FLUTED AND SUPPORTED ON A COLUMNAR BASKET STEM ENCIRCLED BY DOUBLE CORKSCREW STANDS SUPPORTED ON A CONICAL FOOT, 7½ INS.

with the arms of England on one side, those of Denmark on the other. The experts suggest that the glass was probably engraved thus to commemorate the marriage of Louisa, fifth daughter of George II., to Frederick V. of Denmark, which took place in October 1743, and no other glass with these arms in combination appears to be recorded.

A great deal of English glass left the country at this period to be embellished in this manner in Holland, not always to such good effect as this one; none the less, its interest as a record apart, I wish the thing had been left alone. The metal is brilliant, the shape beautifully balanced, the bowl nicely adjusted to the knop beneath, with its air bubbles, and to the inverted baluster stem, with its spiral air twists, while the domed foot is worthy of the massive

upper part. I obtain more pleasure from less portentous things—from the infinite variety of stem and shape of bowl, for example. I could perhaps make do with a vine-leaf less on the bowl of Fig. 2, for the engraver could surely have made more of his open spaces—he has, I suggest, put in too much and so made the thing top-heavy, but that's a very pleasant air-twist stem, with its



FIG. 5. WHEEL-ENGRAVED IN HOLLAND ON A NEWCASTLE GLASS: AN IMPORTANT ROYAL COMMEMORATIVE GOBLET, BEARING ON ONE SIDE THE ARMS OF ENGLAND AND ON THE OTHER THE ARMS OF DENMARK (AS SHOWN). 10½ INS. IN HEIGHT.

This goblet was probably made to commemorate the marriage, in October 1743, of Louisa, fifth daughter of George II., to Frederick V. of Denmark. No glass with these arms in combination appears to be recorded. Illustrations by courtesy of Sotheby's.

or another, was levied for nearly a hundred years. Who shall say that the Treasury cannot influence the world of fashion? The bright brains of the trade promptly devised means not so much of evading the duty as of rendering it less onerous. They cut down the weight partly by putting less lead into the metal, thus giving their product a more watery and slightly less oily appearance, and partly by making the forms more slender. The obvious contrast between Figs. 2 and 4 shows this difference to perfection. At the same time, while cutting down the duty on each glass, they kept up the price by the work lavished upon it—hence the twists and engraving, etc., designed to keep up the interest of the public; so, everyone was reasonably happy, even the revenue, which, on the whole, did not do so badly.

In Fig. 3 you see the beginning of a fresh style—no more baluster-stem—instead an air twist, but no extra tricks or devices, and the glass is still solid, plain and weighty, about halfway between the sober dignity of Fig. 4 and the fragile elegance of Fig. 2. There is room, I hope, for one more glass; it has caught my eye because of its unusual shape—taller and more slender than most of what the late eighteenth century labelled

"cordial," and we ourselves call "liqueur" glasses (Fig. 1)—the spirally-fluted bowl is a particularly nice touch. The catalogue refers to it as a "ratafia" glass; for some obscure reason deep down inside me, I find that a noble word which rolls as smoothly round the tongue as the finest apricot brandy. It appears to be a generic term for all kinds of liqueurs and, I presume, is now obsolete; I am inclined to think it would puzzle most hotel proprietors in England and possibly in France—gardeners, I suppose, would be tempted to think it was a refined form of raffia. But all these small—and tall—liqueur, "cordial" or "ratafia" glasses are interesting and rare. Some are also sensibly and tactfully deceptive, with thick bowls and modest capacity, for they were made for particularly heady brews.



FIGS. 2, 3 AND 4. A GOBLET (ONE OF A PAIR) ENGRAVED WITH FRUITING VINE AND INSECTS ON A TALL, DOUBLE KNOPPED-AIR-TWIST STEM AND CONICAL FOOT, 10½ INS.; A GOBLET WITH A DRAWN TRUMPET BOWL AND MASSIVE AIR-TWIST STEM TERMINATING IN A HEAVY CONICAL FOOT, 11½ INS.; AND A GOBLET WITH A LARGE STRAIGHT-SIDED BOWL AND SOLID BASE ON A CUSP-KNOP BALUSTER STEM TERMINATING IN A DOMED FOLDED FOOT, 9½ INS. c. 1695.

The style of the finely proportioned goblet shown in the centre of this group lies between that of the solid baluster type of that on the right, which dates from about 1695, and the slender decorated form of the glass shown on the left. Of this last named, Frank Davis writes "I could perhaps make do with a vineleaf less on the bowl."

FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

A gift that gives pleasure throughout the year is surely the ideal choice when considering the shopping list for this Christmas and New Year. Fifty-two copies of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will make 1955 a year full of interest for friends and relations at home and overseas.

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POLISHING-THE CUT GLASS. CUTTING LEAVES THE GLASS OPAQUE AND IT HAS TO BE DIPPED IN ACID TO RESTORE ITS TRANSPARENCY—AN OPERATION WHICH UNDER MODERN CONDITIONS IS ACCURATELY CONTROLLED.

On our facing page Frank Davis discusses the history of English glass-making. To-day the export of fine cut and engraved glass is on an impressive scale; and in the industry modern industrial techniques reinforce craftsmanship rather than replace it. In the factories of Webb Corbett, at the Coalbourn Hill glass works, founded some 200 years ago, and now operating at Amblecote, Stourbridge; and at Tutbury, the skilled man is supreme. The glass-maker still gathers his lump of molten glass on a blowing iron and blows it by mouth, but modern furnaces mean that he does it in greater comfort; and no longer works in the great bottle-shaped building which was, in fact, the chimney furnace. But the old tools are

still used, for nothing better has been found to supersede them. Our photographs, taken at Webb Corbett's, illustrate processes of the decoration of fine glass. There are three main forms—cutting, intaglio and engraving. Cutting gives the bold outlines most of us know—grooves, flutings and blocks of pattern, and is done on abrasive wheels of relatively large size. The second method is intaglio cutting, which again uses abrasive wheels but of a smaller size, anything down to $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. in diameter being used. Fine detail work is possible with intaglio. For engraving, the third, highly-skilled and very expensive, method, copper wheels fed with abrasive dust are used.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IN discussing the merits of a novel, one frequent snag is how much to allow for its congeniality—or (a more ticklish point) for one's resistance to the author's personality, or to his choice of hero. Because, to start with, others may feel differently. Indeed, some critics appear to have no feelings of the kind; while some (predominantly highbrow) think they ought not to count. And yet this personal reaction is the most sustained of all, and keeps one faithful company throughout the book. To pass over it would be almost cheating—but one can own to an imperfect sympathy with a far easier mind when the author's reputation is established. For then it makes no odds, and should require a minimum of definition.

As in "The Vagabond," by Colette (Secker and Warburg; 10s. 6d.), which is so strongly flavoured with such a well-known personal aroma. Here, the distinction between novelist and leading character does not apply; for Renée Néré, the little "bourgeoise" who, after eight years of suffering and ignominy, has divorced her husband and begun a new life on the music-halls, is obviously both in one. It is this autobiographical strain that gives the whole work its intensity. Renée is thirty-three; she is alone, presumably for life; she is *déclassée*, sworn pals with the unlucky, drifting and obscure—"a woman of letters who had turned out badly." Also, she is an independent being, earning her bread, directing her own motions, in undisputed charge of her own soul. And she is all-absorbed in every phase of the predicament, both good and evil. Sometimes it can be frightening and desolating to be so alone. She has a terror of illness, hates her slumped posture in the glass, looks out for every sign that youth is passing—but as for men as men, one was enough. After its crucifixion by Taillandy, there can be no more love; and after years of watching that professional seducer on the job, all sex-manceuvring gives her the creeps. Though it is wisest to take care; once she had "normal senses," and if a patient man were to get after her...

This is just going to happen. Maxime begins unpromisingly, as a stage-door wolf. Then he is thrust on her as an acquaintance. He is quite idle, constantly around. And he is really not a wolf, but a good chap, a "handsome woodcutter" from the Ardennes, madly in love. First, she endures him, with the greatest malice and detachment. At long last she responds; and later still, flouting all memory and unbelief, she has decided they adore each other. Yet she won't give up her provincial tour. Maxime can see no point in it; he is against the job, and as his wife she will have everything. But for the wanderer, it proves a last chance to examine "everything."

This story has the usual gem-like finish. It is full of nature-images—like that of the small fawns whose trot "pits the soil like hail." It is full, also, of elaborate poetic narcissism. "Who loosened the coronet of plaits coiled about my brow like the tresses of a grave young Ceres?" What I resist—admirably—is the elaboration.

OTHER NOVELS.

"Smith," by Kate Christie (Collins; 10s. 6d.), is an exceptional début, with a much subtler theme, and an already personal, accomplished style. Not a beginner's job at all—unless, in certain ways, right at the core. And that one can't say till the next time. But it appears to grasp at deeper truths than it can actualise; and it is all too constant to defeat and heartbreak. There should be some relief, not merely in the background (which has plenty), but in the course of events.

Only with Harold that is impossible. Harold is "an empty place walking about": a Major and J.P., a model landlord, a devoted son—a desolation of nonentity. He is a figment others have built up; and he returned to Cumberland after the war lame and demolished. If he could only get away and lose himself!... But Harold is fast bound to his mother—a kind of mock-Ophelia run mad, all tears and tantrums and demands, which he can never satisfy. Still, he has now a fresh resource—Mary, across the lake. There can be no question of love, only of seeing her, in his mother's cause; Mary, all-armed, must dole out spiritual strength, which he will then somehow relay. Of course, even to see her is disloyal, but he can't help it. And he won't give up Smith, his former batman—cheeky, untrammelled Smith, who lives straightforwardly in the "real" world, does what he likes, and trusts the Major's credit to protect him. Smith is his "light relief," and in a deeper sense his charge...

And also a symbolic figure. Both his predicament and Harold's are full of meaning. But there is action too, brilliant, original set-pieces like the fox-hunt and the point-to-point, and, as I said, heartbreak unlimited.

"Ben Nevis Goes East," by Compton Mackenzie (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.), can be relied on to dispel the gloom, and to offend in nothing but its amiable quality—if you are that way given. The good giant of Glenbogle is at the top of his form, and the amusement never languishes. Though there is really not much one can say of it. What draws the Chieftain from his glen is the approaching (or at least apprehended) misalliance of his son and heir—stationed at Tallulahgabad with the Clanranald Highlanders. Hector is said to be pursuing the young ex-wife of a bank manager: a divorced woman with (it is also said) a touch of the country. And so the Chieftain hurries out—taking his friend Kilwhillie in a negative, wet-blanket rôle. Having dispatched their errand, they will see India and look up old Banjo—the Maharajah of Bangapatam—who, like Ben Nevis, was a Harrow boy. All which, and more, takes place with great hilarity and charm.

"The Riddle of Samson," by Andrew Garve (Collins; 9s. 6d.), opens in Scilly and is narrated by John Lavery, a spare-time archaeologist about to start a dig on the uninhabited island of Samson, where he will be camping out. But before that he runs into a group of journalists, one of them bearded and aggressive, with a much younger wife. Next day Olivia sets out on a trip, takes Samson in her route, and by mischance fails to get off till morning. Kendrick being jealously disposed, she doesn't tell. But he finds out—and John is plunged into an odious dilemma. This writer is a background specialist, and the Scillonian colour is first-rate. Also, he likes his problems to be varied. This is a very nice one, with a novel slant.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TWO "GRAND OLD MEN."

QUITE rightly Sir Philip Magnus's life of "Gladstone" (John Murray; 28s.) has had a *succès d'estime*. To the modern age, as, indeed, to many of his contemporaries, Gladstone is incomprehensible. But if anybody could have rendered this inhuman creature human, it is Sir Philip Magnus. The book is scholarly, without being weighty, and sympathetic without adopting that uncritical "private secretary" attitude which, for Philip Guedalla, marred so many biographies. Sifting through the mass of new material which has come to light in the fifty years which have intervened since the publication of Morley's monumental work, he reveals the fact that it was Gladstone's intense love of freedom, and his equally intense Christianity, which accounted for so many of his extraordinary inconsistencies. Nevertheless, for all Sir Philip's eloquent and delightful special pleading, at the end, for this reader at any rate, Gladstone remains what he has always been, a bore—a bore and a hypocrite. After the death of Gordon—a tragedy for which I, with Queen Victoria and the British populace (who rechristened him M.O.G.: "Murderer of Gordon"), are at one in blaming him—he was forced by public opinion to make a compromise with "the Fiend of Jingoism" and to announce that an expedition would be sent to crush the Mahdi. Happily for Gladstone's policy, the Russians at that time threatened Afghanistan, which gave him an excuse for concentrating all our forces to meet what was thought to be the new threat. When the Russians withdrew, he refused to revert to the policy with regard to the Sudan, to which, under pressure of public opinion, he had committed himself. "The answer," he wrote, "came from St. Petersburg this afternoon—the Cabinet was summoned at a moment's notice... Praise to the Most High." I am afraid it must be the Irish in me, but that "Praise to the Most High" sticks in my gullet. After all, it is admirable to have an abiding sense of the continual presence of the Almighty, but you should not fasten on Him responsibility for the less creditable bits of political chicanery. As the late Lord Birkenhead said of another pious humbug in his great maiden speech (I quote without the book): "Mr. Speaker, Sir, I do not mind, more than another man, when my opponent cheats at cards, but I do find it a trifle nauseating when he then goes on to ascribe his success to the direct and personal intervention of the Most High." So, as I say, greatly as I enjoyed every word of this important book (what a contribution to the history of nineteenth-century politics it is!), I am afraid that my historical dislike of the G.O.M. remains only a trifle modified. One must accept the sincerity with which Gladstone, that great Englishman, held his opinions, while, at the same time, understanding why foreigners regard the English as a nation of hypocrites.

When I started to read "Top Secret Mission," by Madeline Duke, with a Foreword by Bruce Marshall (Evans; 12s. 6d.), I first assumed that an error had been made and that it was fiction destined for my distinguished colleague who occupies the adjoining column. This story, for the truth of which the publishers and Mr. Bruce Marshall vouch—though if that is so, I should have thought that the security gentlemen of at least one nation would have been a trifle put out—once more proves that, in Kipling's words, "nature gets ahead of art every time." The story is that of the hunt immediately after the war for Hassler, one of the leading German atomic scientists. It was of no small importance to the Western Allies that he should not fall (or go) into Russian hands. If this story is a wholly factual account, it seems to me astonishing that the British and American intelligence authorities should have taken so much trouble about this man, when the Pontecorvos and Macleans were so nonchalantly slipping through their fingers. If this story is true—and it is sufficiently inexpertly written for that to be possible—then it makes "The Third Man" and any other Viennese "cloak-and-dagger" or "who-dun-it" stories seem like a School Certificate essay.

Mr. Emmett Dedmon has every right to call his lively account of a great American city "Fabulous Chicago" (Hamish Hamilton; 25s.), for everything about it—its growth, its character, its wealth, as, indeed, its charm—is fantastic. It bears an Indian name, as when Queen Victoria came to the throne in 1837 it was still a small township, inhabited mostly by Indians. Rugged pioneers found that it was a place in which to grow rich quickly, as soon as they had everything they wanted—everything except members of the opposite sex. Now and again a boat crawled along Lake Michigan from distant Detroit, and the raw young men would crowd on the quayside ready to offer marriage to any woman who happened to be on board. Dollars, rather than good looks or manners, were the bait. It was a crude, hard-hitting world in which everyone was a go-getter, and the man who came out on top had to burst with character. That man was Long John Wentworth, twice Mayor of the city, for twelve years a Congressman, and for twenty-five the terrorising editor of the *Chicago Democrat*. It ought to have been a proud day for him when the future King Edward VII. arrived in Chicago; but when he was asked how it felt to sit beside me, he replied: "I was not sitting beside the Prince. He sat beside me." As with Long John Wentworth, so with all his successors. Chicago is never honoured. She honours; or, rather, she treats the visitor with some disdain.

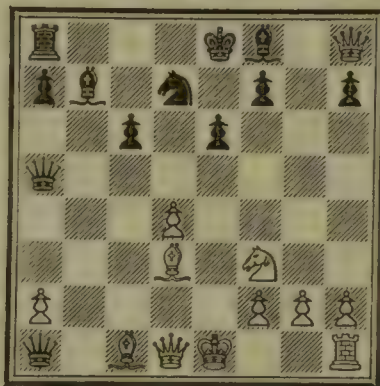
As far back as 1909 Bransby Williams published his autobiography. Now, at the age of eighty-five, he publishes another. He calls it "Bransby Williams by Himself" (Hutchinson; 15s.), and my friend Naomi Jacob writes the Foreword. The titles of the excellent photographs may suggest that this is the autobiography of a self-centred man, but the first impression wears away as the reader discovers the delight which Mr. Williams takes in the antics of his contemporaries. The names of the great crowd his pages, and they range from Dan Leno to Winston Churchill. Yet more fascinating is the description of the change from appearing at a Command Performance of King Edward at Sandringham to acting for television. To viewers, Mr. Williams is very much the "Grand Old Man."

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

Black.



White.

THIS quaint position, if well publicised, would probably diminish for a while the number of enquiries, "Can a player have more than one queen at a time?"

It occurred in a game played in a tournament of Russian émigrés in Paris a few weeks ago. Within a matter of hours, two players in the international team tournament in Amsterdam reached exactly the same position. Yet it is extremely doubtful whether it ever occurred in a serious game before!

The preceding moves were, in each of the games:

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	8. B-Q3	B-Kt2
2. P-QB4	P-K3	9. P-K4	P-Kt5
3. Kt-KB3	P-Q4	10. P-K5?	P×Kt
4. Kt-B3	P-B3	11. P×Kt	BP×P
5. P-K3	QKt-Q2	12. P×P	P×R(Q)
6. B-Q3	P×P	13. P×R(Q)	Q-R4ch
7. B×BP	P-QKt4		

So here we are, at the diagrammed position! From here, the Paris game, Rosenberg v. Tartakover, continued:

14. K-K2 B-QR3 15. Q×P

15. B×B, Q×Bch; 16. Q-Q3 represented probably his last chance of putting up a fight.

Now he is forced to block the emergence of his own king's rook, for to interpose on move seventeen, allowing 17... B×Bch; 18. K×B, Q-Kt4ch would expose his king fatally.

15. Kt-B3! 18. Q-K2 Q×Qch
16. Q-KR4 Q(R8)×Pch 19. K×Q Q-B7ch
17. K-B1 Q(R4)-R5 White resigns

In Amsterdam the *dénouement* came as follows: (though I suppose Paris's was the *dénouement*, Amsterdam's the *ontplooning*). There Johansson, of Iceland, was White; Nilsson, of Sweden, Black.

14. Kt-Q2	Q(R4)-B6	20. B-Kt2	R-Kt1
15. K-K2	Kt-B4	21. Q-R1	R×Bch!
16. Q×P	Kt×B	22. Q×R	B-Q6ch
17. Q×Kt	Q×Qch	23. K-B3	B-Kt5ch
18. K×Q	B-QR3ch		Resigns
19. K-B2	Q×RPch		

For if 24. K×B, then 24... Q×Qch; and on 24. Q×B, White is rather neatly mated by 24... Q-B7.

The long arm of coincidence!

A pointed commentary on the play is that 14. B-Q2 is better than either of the moves chosen, yielding White, after 14... Q×Qch; 15. K×Q, Q×P; 16. K-K2, Castles; 17. Q×P—and there seems little, if anything, better for Black—quite a good game.

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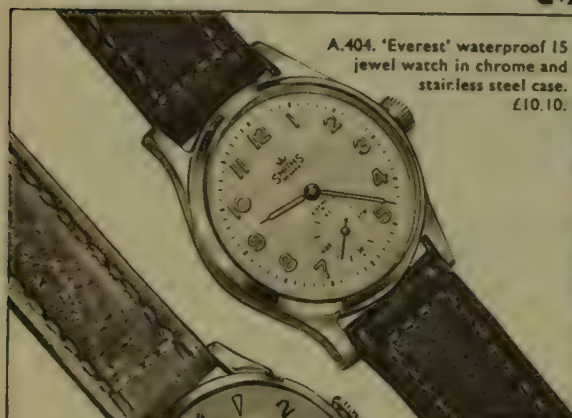
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A.504. 9 carat gold 15 jewel watch with raised gilt figures. In presentation case. £22.10.



A.358. Gold plated 17 jewel watch, with raised gilt batons and sweep seconds hand. With bracelet. £11.5.



B.312. Lady's gold plated model, 15 jewel, with raised gilt numerals and silvered dial. £10.10.

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There's no doubt about it — "Gin and French" made with Gordon's* is the perennial reviver and appetizer-in-chief to the whole civilized world! If you want to be among the experts... make it like this:



Mix $\frac{2}{3}$ GORDON'S with $\frac{1}{3}$ French Vermouth and serve with a twist of lemon peel. The experts have good reason for using Gordon's... for Gordon's Gin is the Heart of a Good Cocktail.



BY APPOINTMENT
GIN DISTILLERS
TO THE LATE
KING GEORGE VI

*ASK FOR IT BY NAME

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

MAXIMUM PRICES: BOTTLE 33/9 • $\frac{1}{2}$ BOTTLE 17/7 • $\frac{1}{4}$ BOTTLE 9/2 • MINIATURE 3/7 • U.K. ONLY

And these are Gordon's too...

GORDON'S ORANGE GIN AND LEMON GIN

Not to be confused with gin and orange squash, these Gordon favourites are made in the traditional way with Gordon's Dry Gin, real oranges and lemons, and pure cane sugar. Best taken neat as a liqueur, but also most refreshing with Soda Water or Tonic Water if preferred.



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JOHN LUSTY'S Real Turtle Soup

Made by the oldest Turtle Merchants in the World



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Purveyors of Turtle
Soup to the Late
King George VI

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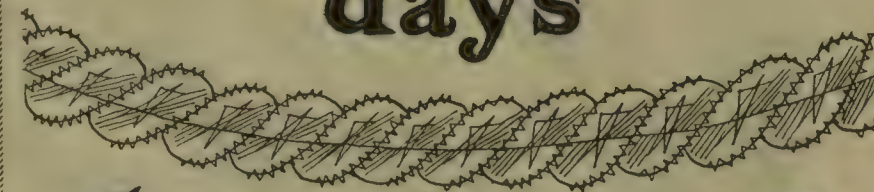
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SCHWEPPING



days



to Christmas?

Schweppervescence lasts the whole drink through

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* All Thermos Vacuum Bowls now have a removable plastic "basket" lining to protect the vacuum glass from damage by large pieces of ice and so on.



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A gift to warm the heart!

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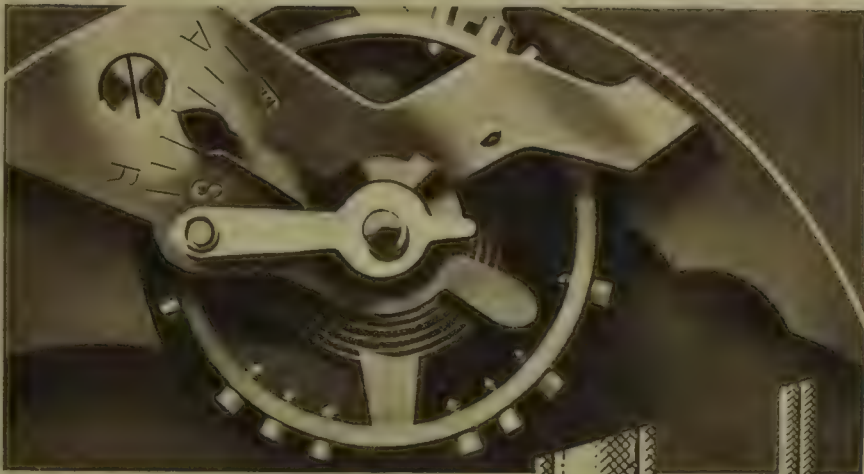
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In unprotected watches even *one* shock can twist or fracture these pivots; but in CYMA Watches they are protected by the world's most resilient shock-absorber... CYMAFLEX... a patented jewelled "cushion" at each end of the balance staff. A masterpiece of micro-engineering, it gives virtually perfect protection against shock... a watch's worst enemy.

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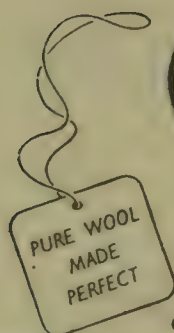
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Chilprufe
for men



Ask your Chilprufe Agent or write
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ON FATHER CHRISTMAS.

There's no finer way of saying Merry Christmas than to give a bottle of Dubonnet. The price is 20/- and the bottle large. Now who are the possible candidates for a bottle of this heartening French aperitif? A favourite uncle? A deserving chum? A quite adorable someone? We leave you with your thoughts.

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The Christmas present
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THE "THREE CASTLES"
CIGARETTES



ATTRACTIVELY WRAPPED

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50 CIGARETTES 9/9½d.

100 CIGARETTES 19/7d.

PROTESTED the Primitive Briton
Wrapped up in his primitive skins,
"No wonder I'm surly—

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For CURTIS—THE SMOOTHEST OF GINS!"



—And being a civilized person

You're probably wanting to ask:

"What makes Curtis Gin so much smoother?"

The answer's — MATURING IN CASK!

CURTIS GIN

Smoother —because it's matured in cask

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Who are the luckiest men this Christmas? The men who wake up to a brand-new REMINGTON 60! And the best-loved women? The wives and girl-friends who make their men the gift of luxury dry shaving!

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REMINGTON 60

for Christmas



Glayva

Scotch Liqueur

Little glasses which hold
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to the late  of Weatherproof Clothing
King George VI



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DIGESTIVE BISCUITS
The biscuit with
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ESTABLISHED 1817

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**REAL
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the real thing—mixed to the
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PLYMOUTH
the GIN
of pre-war perfection *



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**TRUE
CONNOISSEUR**

Increased supplies of the
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are again available—to the delight
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make sure of your personal supplies,
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Blenders of the Famous "Grouse" Scotch
Whisky since 1800

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It's GRAND to give . . .

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The Hawkins Handymix beats, mixes, whips
to perfection, and in addition, mashes potatoes
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two gears for fast and slow rotation and three
easily interchangeable stainless steel beaters.
Attractively finished in gleaming chromium
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DECEMBER HANDICAP

"Now, Hawkins, can I interest you in the Grand Christmas Draw? Tickets one shilling. Stupendous prizes."

"Last year, Mr. Gerald, I won the Permanent Wave. Just my luck, sir."

"Bad staff work. What about a Live Calf or Two Seats for 'Peter Pan on Ice'?"

"I would much prefer the Case of Rose's Lime Juice. During the party season, sir, it would be so useful to us both—in different ways."

"Done, Hawkins! Bring me a large gin and Rose's and I will offer you three tickets on generous credit terms!"

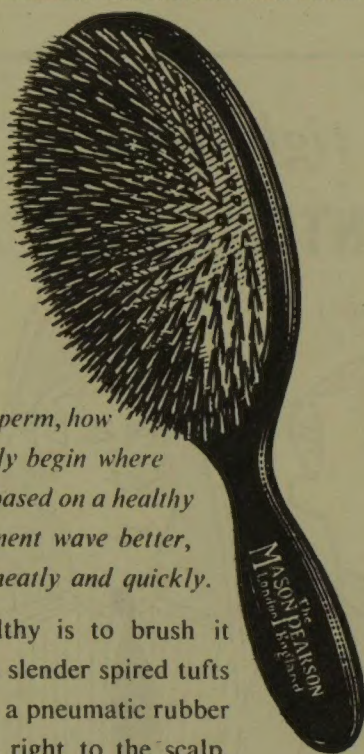
ROSE'S LIME JUICE

for Gin and Lime

ROSE'S ALSO MAKE FINE FRUIT SQUASHES

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New beauty into your hair.



No matter how expensive the perm, how charming the style, the hairdresser can only begin where you leave off. A beautiful coiffure must be based on a healthy head of hair. Healthy hair takes a permanent wave better, keeps a permanent wave longer and sets neatly and quickly.

The surest way to keep your hair healthy is to brush it regularly with a Mason Pearson. With its slender spired tufts of nylon or black wild boar bristle, set in a pneumatic rubber cushion, the Mason Pearson penetrates right to the scalp. It stimulates, aerates, sweeps away dust and dandruff and lifts every disarranged strand into place, restoring the set to its proper formation.

And remember, a Mason Pearson improves a permanent wave. Ask at your chemist's, hairdresser's or stores.

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SHINGLE 13/10
GENTLE 16/2

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UP TO
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This is the form of timekeeping that busy, modern people of all ages are finding they must have. 'Sectric' Time from the mains means NO WINDING, NO REGULATING and CORRECT TIME, day in and day out. Ask your stockist to show you a selection from the many beautiful models available.



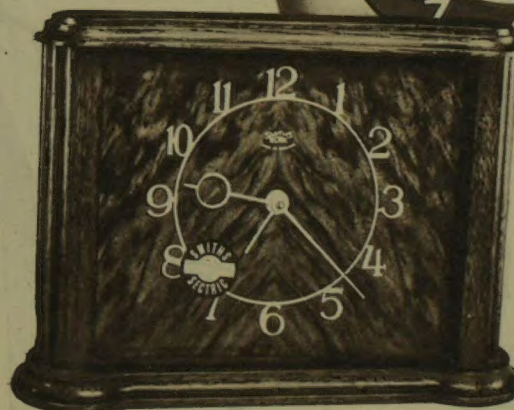
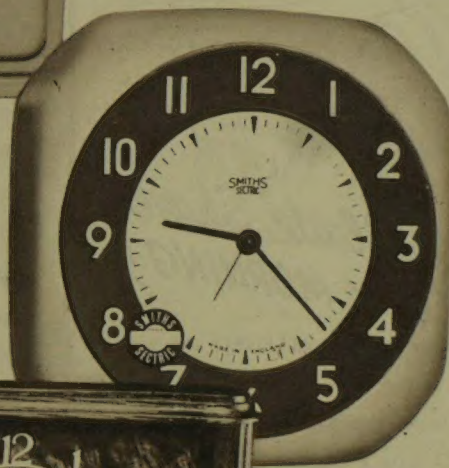
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FOR EVER

Barker & Dobson

CAMEO
CHOCOLATES
REGAL
FRUIT DROPS



MAKERS OF FINER CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONERY SINCE 1834

DECEMBER

THE PONIES AND THE MICE

When, at Christmas time, the six little Shetland ponies—so glossy, so bedizened, so demure—draw into our view the marvellous and gleaming coach of Cinderella, does anybody think about mice? No. When Hamlet, like a spin bowler fingering the new ball, bends upon the skull in his hand a pregnant, speculative glance, we are acutely aware of Yorick, and beyond the omelette which the clever conjuror produces from his hat we inescapably apprehend the gold watches which were—as far as any of us could see—its principal ingredients. But the little ponies somehow atrophy our sense of the dramatic. We think of them only as ponies. Our imaginations do not even toy with the interesting fact that they are, *au fond*, mice.

It is quite right that this should be so; for although children are stern realists the pantomime is an escapist institution, and once they begin to see through its odd but conventional illusions—to notice that the Principal Boy is a girl and the Ugly Sisters are men, to point out to each other the wires upon which the fairies levitate—it is a sign that they are getting too old for this type of entertainment. Next year we shall have to try and find something rather more grown-up. As far as they are concerned, the ponies (or, if you prefer it, the mice) will go into cold storage until—by a metamorphosis at present even harder to believe in—the children are transformed into parents themselves.



The Midland Bank helps Christmas on its way by many different services, ranging from the financing of turkey imports from the Continent to the provision of shiny sixpences for innumerable puddings.

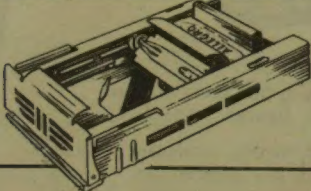
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EVERY MORNING!

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(with Van Heusen collars and cuffs)

Vantella shirts are fully cut and leave you plenty of room to move—thanks to skilful tailoring! They're smart, they're unshrinkable; they're cut coatwise, and they come with VAN HEUSEN collars, cuffs, neckbands. They're yours for years of comfort at 49/- each.

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In Every Ship of the Royal Navy

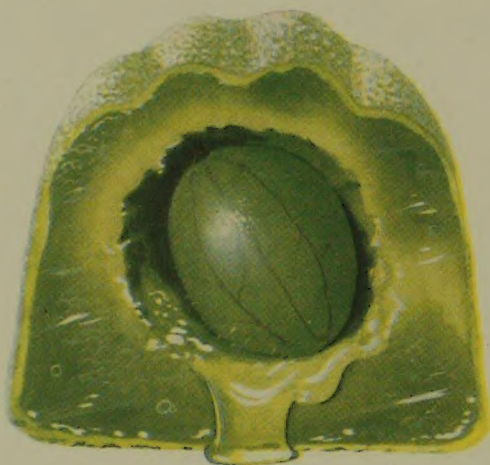
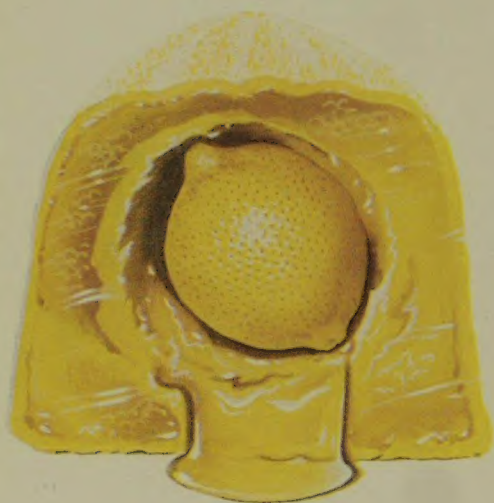
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LA RIVA

**SPAIN'S
FINEST
DRY
SHERRY**

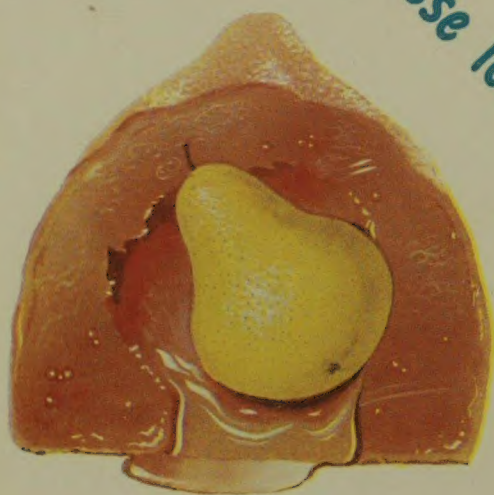
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